

# SPIRIT

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### MAY-DAY.

UP and away ! 'tis a holiday !  
Come lads and lasses, with merry faces,  
To the May-bowers ;  
Behold the grass is pranc't with daisies,  
The banks with flowers.  
The sun is flinging on waters glancing  
His early light ;  
The birds are singing, and branches dancing,  
At the glad sight.  
Come, let us rush in the maze of boughs,  
And meet at the May-pole to dance and carouse ;  
He that is first shall be Jack in the Green,  
And the forwardest lass shall be crown'd our Queen.  
*Gaieties and Gravities.*

The youth, the smile, the music of the year  
Am I. *The Masque of the Seasons.*

THE games of May-day are the most natural and delightful of all the ancient pastimes. It is "no holiday dependent on the rubric, or the musty fables of monks or saints ;—it is a jubilee of nature's own appointing, when the earth, dressing herself up in flowers and green garlands, calls aloud to her children to come out into the fields, and participate in her merry-making." The sports of the day were formerly shared by all ranks of people ; and Stow informs us, that Henry VIII. and his beauteous queen used to rise with the sun on May morning, to partake of May-day sports, and afterwards diverted themselves with shooting birds in the woods, and in rustic festivity consumed the evening. Shakspeare says, it was impossible to make the people sleep on May-eve, and that they rose early to observe the rite of May.

In London, the May-game pageants were supported with great

spirit ; the citizens used to sally out in the morning a Maying, and return with the spoils of the fields and woods, accompanied with archers, morris-dancers, and other shows. Every parish, and sometimes two, used to join, and have their May-pole ; one was erected in the middle of the street, before the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, of such height, that it over-topped the steeple ; and hence it was that the parish, which was originally called St. Andrew only, acquired the addition of *Undershaft*. A lord and lady of the May were chosen to preside over the sports :—

" The May-pole is up,  
Now, give me the cup,  
I'll drink to the garlands around it,  
But first unto those  
Whose hands did compose  
The glory of flowers that crown'd it."

" One can readily imagine," says Mr. Irving, " what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London,

when the doors were decorated with flowering branches ; when every hat was decorated with hawthorn ; and Robin Hood, friar Tuck, *Maid Marian*, the morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers, were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city." On this occasion we are told Robin Hood presided as lord of the May,—

" With coat of Lincoln green, and mantle,  
too,  
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,  
And arrows winged with peacock feathers light,  
And trusty bow well gathered of the yew ;"

whilst near, crowned as lady of the May, *Maid Marian*—

" With eyes of blue  
Shining through dusky air, like stars of night,  
And habited in pretty forest plight—  
His greenwood beauty sits, young as the  
dew."

And there, too, in a subsequent stage of the pageant, were—

" The archer-men in green, with belt and bow,  
Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,  
With Robin at their head and Marian."

One "evil May-day," however, occurred, and never again did May-morning come wreathed to the citizens in its usual smiles. In consequence of an insurrection that broke out in London on May-eve, 1517, the sports of May-day were long suspended ; nor were they ever after more than partially resumed. The "great shaft of Cornhill" was not once erected after that event ; and thirty-two years later was broken in pieces, at the instigation of a fanatic priest, who insisted that the inhabitants had made an idol of it, by sainting it along with the church.

Without being bigoted admirers of the rough and riotous sports of antiquity, one cannot help regretting that the innocent and fanciful festival of May-day has fallen into disuse. In Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and, indeed, most countries, some traces of May-day customs still prevail ; but as to Jack in the Green, it is too great a burlesque of the old pageant to be here tolerated.

But although the festivities with which our ancestors hailed the opening of this month have sunk into neglect, Nature has not forsaken her festivities. She still scatters flowers, and revels in dews ; she still loves her leafy garniture, and the burst of unoppressive sunshine ; for, though we moderns may abandon the customs of our forefathers, and may even deny to May those joyous attributes with which they delighted to invest her ; though we complain of cold winds, dull days, and frosty nights, cutting down flower and leaf, and have them too, yet is May a gladsome month withal. Vegetation has made a proud progress ; it has become deep, lavish, luxuriating, and nothing can be more delightful than the tender green of the young leaves. Primroses still scatter their millions of pale stars over shady banks, and among the mossy roots of hazels ; and, once more, amid the thickly-springing verdure of the meadow, we hail the spotted and golden cowslips.

Towards the close of the month, the mind, which has been continually led onwards by the expansion of days, leaves, and flowers, seems to repose on the fulness of nature. Every thing is clothed. The Spring actually seems past. We are surrounded by all that beauty, sunshine, and melody, which mingle in our ideas of *summer*. Butterflies take their wavering flight from flower to flower, and dragonflies on the banks of rivers. Cattle, fed to satiety, repose in meadows golden with crow-foot ; and sheep-washing is begun in many places. The mowing-grass presents a mosaic of the most gorgeous and inimitable hues, or is white with waving umbels. A passing gale awakens a scene of lively animation. The massy foliage of trees swings heavily ; the boughs of the hawthorn wave with all their loads of fragrant bloom, and the snowy, umbelliferous plants toss on the lea like foam on a stormy ocean.

Cottage gardens are now perfect paradises ; and, after gazing on their sunny quietude, their lilacs, peonies,

wall-flowers, tulips, and crocuses, with their yellow tufts of flowers, now becoming as common at the doors of village cots as the rosemary and rue once were, one cannot help regretting that more of our labouring classes do not enjoy the freshness of earth, and the pure breeze of heaven, in these little rural retreats, instead of being buried in close sombre alleys. A man who can, in addition to tolerable remuneration for the labour of his hands, enjoy a clean cottage and a garden amidst the common but precious offerings of Nature,

the grateful shade of trees and flow of waters, a pure atmosphere and a riant sky, can scarcely be called poor.

If Burns had been asked what was the greatest luxury of May, we suppose he would have quoted from his "Cotter's Saturday Night,"

"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
In others' arms breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that accents the evening gale."

### TO THE FIRST OF MAY.

"Hard his herte that loveth nought  
In May, when al this mirth is wrought."—CHAUCER.

HAIL, thou rosy May! with thy merry-dancing hours,  
Thy eyes of "dewy light," and the fragrance of thy flowers,—  
Hail, thou rosy May! for the wintry winds are past,  
And thy primroses and cowslips have shown their hues at last.

To life's young hour of feeling, the gales of Araby,  
The odours of thy spicy breath in sweetness far outvie;  
They come with gentle colloquy, and whisper every heart,  
Of mysteries, joys, and thy bright sun, as if they ne'er could part.

Let Summer wear her flaunting garb and shoot her parching ray,  
Her lip is not so fresh as thine, mine own dear sunny May!  
The star that gems thy radiant brow so sweet in lustre is,  
It shines the beam of hope to earth, the herald of all bliss.

Thy pearls are flashing on the bough, the land is giving life,  
The insect broods are swarming, and thy realm is free of strife,  
The peacefulness of heaven's own reign is round thy flowery track,—  
O pleasant this auspicious day that greets thy footsteps back!

The waters sparkle with delight, a buzz is in the air,  
The ocean-waves curl softer now, and man hath less of care,  
The low wind scarcely moves the wood, or sighs the leaves between,  
Lest it disturb earth's harmony among the branches green.

Thou kindest month of all the year, pass not too fast away,  
As hours enjoyed are prone to do, for man is miserly  
Of thy sweet presence, since to him thou art a boon indeed,  
Slave as he ever is to gloom, in friendship, love, and creed.

Thou 'rt come, bright May! with passion's glance to flush the virgin's cheek,  
From feelings undefinable her tongue must never speak,  
The sadness of affection's dawn is over her soft heart,  
She sighs amid her solitude, and tears unbidden start—

She hears the mated bird's first song, when love is all the theme,—  
Of thee, thou month of love, inquires, why she is not the same;  
No songster comes to sing to her, and wile her hours away,  
Cheering her wishing solitude with his congenial lay.

Welcome, thou rosy May! with thy merry-dancing hours,  
Thy eyes of "dewy light," and the fragrance of thy flowers,—  
Welcome, thou rosy May! for the wintry winds are past,  
And thy primroses and cowslips have shown their hues at last!

## ANDREW CLEAVES.\*

**M**ATTERS went on smoothly on the whole, till Joey had been full two years at school, and his third summer holidays were approaching.

They were no longer anticipated with the same impatient longing which had drawn his heart towards home in his earlier school-days; but still there *were* home pleasures, and home indulgences, not attainable at school, and foremost of those ranked the privilege of being master of his own time, and of the grey colt, now become a well-disciplined, yet spirited steed, and destined to succeed to the functions of blind Dobbin, whose faithful career was fast drawing to a close.

In the meantime, Joey was permitted to call young Greybeard his horse, and was indulged in the pride and happiness of driving it himself the first time its services were put in requisition to fetch him home for the Christmas holidays. But when the *summer* vacation arrived, Joey's return was ordained to be in far other and less triumphant order. It so chanced, that on the very day of breaking up, a great annual fair was held at C—, which was looked forward to as a grand festival by the boys whose parents and friends were resident there. These youngsters had vaunted its delights to Joey, and one especial friend and crony had invited his schoolfellow to go with him to his own house, and stay the two days of the fair. Now it unluckily fell out that these identical two days occurred at a season most important to Andrew—just as his hay-harvest was getting in, and there was reason to expect the breaking up of a long spell of dry weather. So when Joey returned to school on the Monday, he was enjoined to tell his master (with whom Andrew had no time for parlanee,) that it would not be con-

venient for his father to fetch him home the ensuing Thursday, or indeed (on the account before mentioned) till the Saturday evening.

Andrew, engrossed by his rural concerns, had not thought of the fair, of which Joey took especial care not to remind him, as he well knew, that were he to give the least hint of his schoolfellow's invitation, and his own vehement longing to accept it, his father would fetch him away at the risk of sacrificing his whole hay crop, rather than leave him exposed to the danger of mixing in such a scene of abomination.

Master Joey, whose genius was of a very inventive nature, soon arranged in his own mind a neat little scheme, which would enable him to partake the prohibited delights, unsuspected by his father or the Rev. Mr. Jerk; so trimming up to his own purpose his father's message to that gentleman, he ingeniously substituted for the request that he might be allowed to stay at school till Saturday,—an intimation that he had obtained parental permission to accept his schoolfellow's invitation for the fair days, and that a neighbour's cart would take him home on Friday evening from the house of his friend's parents. Joey *had* his own plans for getting home too when the fun was over, and of managing matters so dexterously, that the truth should never transpire either to his father or master. The latter was easily imposed on by the boy's specious story; and when Thursday arrived, Joey, taking with him his little bundle of Sunday clothes, and his whole hoard of pence and sixpences, left school in high spirits with a party of his playmates.

Andrew Cleaves, meantime, got in his crops prosperously, and, exhausted as he was by a hard day's labour, set out on Saturday evening

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to fetch home the expecting boy. Poor Greybeard was tired also, for he too had worked hard all day; but he was a spirited and willing creature, and went off freely, as if he knew his errand, and rejoiced at the thought of bringing home his young master. So the farmer and his vehicle arrived in good time at the door of the Academy, but Andrew looked towards it in vain, and at the upper and lower windows, for the happy little face that had been wont to look out for him on such occasions.

The servant girl who opened the door looked surprised when Andrew inquired for his son; and still greater astonishment appeared in Mr. Jork's countenance, when he stepped forward and heard the reiterated inquiry. A brief and mutual explanation ensued—a grievous one to the agitated father, whose feelings may be well imagined—irritated as well as anxious feelings, for on hearing the master's story, little doubt remained in his mind, but that the truant was still harboured at the house of his favourite schoolfellow. But the intelligence promptly obtained there, was of a nature to create the most serious alarm. The parents of Josiah's friend informed Andrew, that his boy *had* accompanied *their* son home when the school broke up on Thursday morning—they having willingly granted the request of the latter, that his playfellow might be allowed to stay with him till an opportunity occurred (of which he was in expectation) of his returning to his father's the next evening. That after dinner the two boys had sallied out into the fair together, from which *their* son returned about dark without his companion, with the account that they had been separated the latter part of the day, but that just as he began to tire of looking about for his schoolfellow, Josiah had touched him hastily on the shoulder, saying a neighbour of his father's, who guessed he was playing truant, insisted on taking him home in his own cart, and that he *must* go that moment. This was all the boy had to tell—and that

Josiah vanished in the crowd so suddenly, he could not see who was with him. Vain were all possible inquiries in all directions. The distracted father could only learn further, that his child had been seen by many persons standing with his friend at many booths and stalls, and, at last, quite alone in a show-booth, belonging to a set of tight-rope and wire dancers, and of equestrian performers—with some of these he seemed to have made acquaintance, and among them he was last observed. That troop had quitted C—the same night, and having fine horses and a light caravan, must have travelled expeditiously, and were probably already at a considerable distance; nor could the route they had taken be easily ascertained after they had passed through the turnpike, which had been about ten o'clock at night. Now it was that Andrew Cleaves, in the agony of his distress, would have given half his worldly substance to have obtained tidings—but the least favourable tidings of his lost child—for dreadful thoughts, and fearful imaginings, suggested themselves, aggravating the horrors of uncertainty. There was no *positive* reason for belief that the boy had left C—with the itinerant troop. A rapid river ran by the town—there was a deep canal also—and then—the wharf—crowded with barges—between which—But Andrew was not one to brood over imaginary horrors in hopeless inaction, and the opinion of others encouraged him to hope that his son had only been lured away by the equestrian mountebanks. With the earliest dawn, therefore, mounted on the young powerful grey, he was away from C—and (according to the clue at last obtained) in the track of the itinerants. But they were far in advance, and soon after passing through the turnpike, had struck into cross country-roads and by-ways, so that the pursuit was necessarily tedious and difficult; and Andrew was unused to travelling, having never before adventured twenty miles be-

yond his native place. No wonder that he was sorely jaded in body and mind, when he put up for the night at a small town about thirty miles from C—, through which he ascertained, however, that the caravan, with its escort, had passed early in the morning of the preceding day—that the troop, while stopping to bait, had talked of Carlisle as their next place of exhibition; and had, in fact, struck into the great north road when they proceeded on their way. Andrew could gain no intelligence whether a boy, such as he described, accompanied the party. It having been very early morning when they baited their horses at —, the females of the band and children (if there were any) were still asleep within the closed caravan.

So Andrew proceeded with a heavy heart, but a spirit of determined perseverance—and his pursuit (now that he was fairly on the track of its object) was comparatively easy.

About mid-day, in mercy to his beast, as well as to recruit his own strength, he halted at a hedge ale-house, when, having unsaddled Grey-beard, and seen that he was taken care of, he entered the kitchen and called for refreshment. There were many persons drinking and talking in the place, and Andrew failed not to make his customary inquiries, which awakened an immediate clamour of tongues—every one being ready with some information relating to the troop Andrew was in pursuit of. Such was the confusion of voices, however, that he was kept for a moment in painful suspense, when a decent looking woman, (apparently a traveller,) who was taking her quiet meal in one corner of the kitchen, came hastily forward, and laying her hand on Andrew's arm, and looking earnestly in his face, exclaimed,—“After what are ye asking, master? Is it for a stray lamb ye're seeking—and hav'n't I seen your face before?” Andrew shook like a leaf. The man of stern temper and iron nerves, shook like an aspen leaf, while the woman look-

ed and spake thus earnestly—“Have ye, have ye found him?—have ye found my boy?” was all he could stammer out. “You are a stranger to me; but God bless you, if you can give me back my boy!”

“I am *not* a stranger to you, Andrew Cleaves; and I *can* give you back your boy; and the Lord bless him for your sake, for you saved me and mine, and took us in, and gave us meat and drink when we were ready to perish. Come your ways with me, Andrew Cleaves; but soft and quiet, for the laddy's in a precious sleep. He *has* come to hurt, but the Merciful watched over him.”

So she led him softly and silently through a little back kitchen, and up a steep dark stair, into a small upper chamber, before the casement of which a checked apron was pinned up, to exclude the full glow of light from the uncurtained bed. Softly and silently, with finger on her lip, she drew him on to the side of that humble bed, and there, indeed, fast locked in sleep, in sweet untroubled sleep, lay the little thoughtless one, whose disappearance had inflicted such cruel anxiety and distress.

The boy was sleeping sweetly, but his cheeks and lips were almost colourless; a thick linen bandage was bound round his head; and over one temple, a soft fair curl, that had escaped from the fillet, was dyed and stuck together with clotted blood. Andrew shuddered at the sight; but the woman repeated her whispered assurance, that there was no serious injury. Then the father knelt softly down beside his recovered darling, his head bent low over the little tremulous hand that lay upon the patchwork-counterpane. Almost involuntarily his lips approached it; but he refrained himself by a strong effort, and, throwing back his head, lifted his eyes to Heaven, in an ecstasy of silent gratitude; and, one after another, large tears rolled down over the rough, hard-featured face, every muscle of which quivered with powerful emotion. Yes, for the first time in his life, Andrew Cleaves

poured out his whole heart in gratitude to his Creator in the presence of a fellow-creature; and when he arose from his knees, so far was he from shrinking abased and humiliated from the eyes that were upon him, that, turning to the woman, and strongly grasping her hands in his own, he said softly and solemnly, "Now I see of a truth, that a man may cast his bread upon the waters, and find it again after many days. I gave thee and thine orphan babe a little food and a night's shelter, and thou restorest to me my child. While Andrew Cleaves has a morsel of bread, thou shalt share it with him." And he was as good as his word; and from that hour, whatever were, in other respects, his still inveterate habits of thrift and parsimony, Andrew Cleaves was never known to "turn away his face from any poor man."

By degrees all particulars relating to Joey's disappearance and his providential recovery, were circumstantially unravelled. The little varlet had been accidentally separated from his school fellow, and while gaping about the fair in search of him, had straggled towards the large showy booth, where feats of rope-dancing and horsemanship were exhibited. Long he stood absorbed in wondering admiration of the Merry-Andrew's antic gestures, and the spangled draperies and nodding plumes of the beautiful lady who condescended to twirl the tambourine, and foot it aloft, "with nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," for the recreation of the gaping multitude. Others of the troop came in and out on the airy stage, inviting the "ladies and gentlemen" below to walk in, with such bland and cordial hospitality, that Joey thought it quite irresistible, and was just stepping under the canvass when a strong arm arrested him, and a splendid gentleman, in scarlet and gold, demanded the price of entrance. That was not at Joey's command, for all his copper hoard was already expended, so he was shrinking back, abashed and mortifi-

ed, when one or two idlers of the band, probably seeing something promising about him, and that he was a pretty, sprightly, well-limbed lad, whose appearance might do credit to their honourable profession, entered into a parley with him, and soon made out that he was playing truant at that very moment, and apparently blessed with such an adventurous genius, as, with a little encouragement, might induce him to join the company, and succeed to the functions of a sharp limber urchin, of whom inexorable death had lately deprived them. So Joey was let in gratis; and there he was soon translated into the seventh heaven of wonder and delight at the superhuman performances of his new acquaintances. He had, as it were, an innate passion for horses, and the equestrian feats threw him into fits of ecstasy. Then all the gentlemen and ladies were so good natured and so funny! and one gave him a penny-pie, and another a drop of something strong and good; and then the manager himself—a very grand personage—told him, if he liked, he should wear a blue and silver jacket, and ride that beautiful piebald, with its tail tied up with flame-coloured ribbons. *That* clinched the bargain; and in a perfect bewilderment of emulation and ambition—wonder and gratitude—gin and flattery—poor Joey suffered himself to be enrolled in "The Royal Equestrian Troop of Signor Angelo Galoppo, di Canterini."

Forthwith was he equipped in the azure vestments of the deceased Bobby, and indulged with five minutes' sitting on the back of the beautiful piebald; after which, on the close of the day's performance, he made one of the jovial and uncereemonious party round a plentiful board, where he played his part with such right good will, and was so liberally helped to certain cordial potations, that long before the end of the banquet, his head dropt on the shoulder of his fair neighbor, the lovely Columbine, and in a moment he was fast locked in such profound slumber,



that he stirred not hand or foot, till so late the next morning, that the caravan (in a snug birth, whereof he had been securely deposited) had long passed the small town, where Andrew had halted on the first day's chase.

Joey's awakening sensations were nearly as astonishing as those of Abon Hassan, when he unclosed his eyes in his own mean mansion, after his waking vision of exaltation to the throne of the Caliph. Poor Joey, who had fallen asleep in the intoxication of supreme enjoyment and gratified vanity, among knights and ladies, glittering with gold and spangles, himself radiant in all the glories of the blue and silver, and the fancied master of the prancing piebald—found himself, on awaking, stowed away into a corner of the dark, suffocating, jolting caravan, of course divested of his finery, huddled up on a bag of straw, and covered with a filthy horse-rug. The whole ambulating dormitory was heaped with similar bedding, from which peeped out heads and arms and dirty faces, which Josiah was some time in assigning to the blooming heroines of the preceding evening. At last, however, he satisfied himself of the identity of the lovely Columbine; and as she lay within reach, and had taken him under her especial protection, he made bold to pluck her rather unceremoniously by the outstretched arm, which salutation had the desired effect of rousing the fair one from her innocent slumbers, but only long enough to obtain, for Joey, a sound box of the ear, and a drowsily-muttered command, "to lie still, for a little troublesome rascal." So there he lay, half frightened, and half repentant, and quite disgusted with his close and unsavoury prison, from whence his thoughts wandered away to the pleasant cottage on the thymy common—his clean, sweet, little chamber, where the honeysuckle looked in at the window—his breakfast of new-milk and sweet brown bread—his own little garden and his bee-hives, and Greybeard,

that paragon of earth-born steeds. But then came in review, the rival glories of the piebald, and Joey's remorseful feelings became less troublesome, and he longed ardently for the hour of emancipation. It came at last; a brief and unceremonious toilet was despatched by the female group; and great was Joey's indignation, when, in lieu of the silver and azure, or his own good raiment, he was compelled to dress himself in the every-day suit of his deceased predecessor—a most villainous compound of greasy tatters, which, had he dared, he would have spurned from him with contemptuous loathing; but a very short experience, and the convincing language of a few hearty cuffs, accompanied with no tender expletives, had satisfied him of the danger of rebellion, and he was fain to gulp down his rising choler, and the scraps of last night's meal, which were chucked over to him, as his portion of the slovenly breakfast.

In the meantime, the door and little square window of the caravan had been thrown open, and at last the machine came to a full stop on the high-road, by a hedge-side, and the ladder was hooked to the high door-way, and the manager, who, with his spouse, had occupied a back compartment of the van, descended to review his cavalry, while the equestrians snatched a hasty meal dispensed to them by their associated Hebés.

There was the piebald shining in the morning sun, in all the perfection of piebald beauty—pawing, and sidling, and curving inward his graceful neck, and small elegant head, as if impatient of the rein by which he was led at the side of a large Flemish-looking-mare. At sight of his appointed palfrey, Joey was about to scramble down the ladder after Sigor Angelo, when the latter most uncourteously repelled him, with such a push as sent him sprawling backwards on the floor of the caravan, and more than revived his late incipient feelings of disgust and repentance. But now the whole party,



females and all, held parley of no very amicable nature about the door of their migratory council-chamber. The success of the late performance at C—— had by no means been such as to sweeten the manager's temper, or to harmonize the "many minds" he had to deal with; and loud, and surly, and taunting accusations and recriminations were bandied about, the most acrimonious of which, Joey soon gathered, related to himself, and to some dispute respecting him, which had occurred the preceding night, after they had deposited him in his luxurious resting place. It appeared, that some of the party had even then begun to think with apprehension of the danger to which they exposed themselves by the abduction of a boy, whose father had ample means to pursue and punish them, should he discover that his son had left C—— in their company. These prudent suggestions were made light of by others of the troop, words had run high even then, and the insides and outsides had arranged themselves for the night in no very placable moods. During the many silent hours of darkness, they had jogged and jolted in company; almost every one, however, in his secret mind, came over to the side of the doubters, and when at last they halted and called council, each accused the other of having caused the present dilemma. From words they proceeded to rough arguments, and at length to something very near a general battle, in which their fair companions, descending from "their high estate," took part so heartily, that Joey, finding himself quite unobserved, seized the opportunity to scramble down after them; but in his haste to reach *terra firma*, he missed his footing, and fell headlong among the horses, already fretted and fidgety at the disorder of their riders, so that Joey's sudden precipitation set them rearing and pawing furiously, and he—the luckless truant!—received such a kick on the head, from the hard hoof of the ungrateful piebald, as not only

completely stunned him, but left him such a ghastly and bloody spectacle, as stilled in a moment the uproar of the conflicting parties, and made them unanimous in their apprehensions of the serious consequences in which they might all be involved, should the accident prove fatal, of which there was every appearance. The child had ceased to breathe—not the faintest pulsation was perceptible. The panic became general, and the decision immediate, to consider their own safety, by moving on as fast as possible, leaving the unhappy boy (who was pronounced quite dead) on the grass bank by the road side.

In two minutes the troop was in motion—in ten more, quite out of sight—and there lay poor Joey to all appearance a corpse, and soon to have become one in reality, but for the providential intervention of that poor woman, by whom Andrew Cleaves was conducted to the bedside of his recovered child. That woman (as she briefly explained to Andrew on their stealthy progress towards the little chamber) was, indeed, the poor Soldier's widow, who, with her orphan babe, had owed to his compassion in her utmost need, the seasonable mercy of a night's lodging and a wholesome meal; and she had never forgotten the name of her benefactor, nor thought of him without a grateful prayer. She had travelled far on to her dead husband's birthplace in the Scotch Highlands, to claim, for his orphan and herself, the protection and assistance of his kindred. Her claims had not been disallowed, and among them she had dwelt contentedly till her child died. Then she began to feel herself a stranger among strangers, and her heart yearned towards her own country and kinsfolk; and she wrote a letter home to her own place, Manchester, the answer to which told her, that her friends, who were too poor to help her when she was left a widow, were now bettered in circumstances, and would give her a home and welcome; and that, now

she had no living hindrance, she might obtain a comfortable subsistence by resuming her early labours at the loom. So she set out for her native place, a leisurely foot traveller, for she was no longer unprovided with means to secure a decent resting place, and a wholesome meal; and she it was, who having so far proceeded on her way, had discovered the young runaway lying by the way-side in the condition before described. Her feelings (the feelings of a childless mother!) needed no incentive to place her in a moment beside the forlorn deserted child, whose head she tenderly lifted on her bosom, and parting off the thickly clotted hair, bound her own handkerchief about his bleeding temples. There was water within reach, with which she laved his face and hands, and had soon the joy of perceiving a tremulous motion of the lips and eye-lids—and at last the boy breathed audibly, and his fair blue eyes unclosed, and he uttered a few words of wonder and distress, among which—"Oh, father! father!" were most intelligible, and to the woman's gentle inquiry of "who was his father? and did he live far off?" he answered faintly, that he was the son of Andrew Cleaves, who lived at Redburn. A second fit of insensibility succeeded those few words, but they were sufficient for the widow. Providence had sent her to save (she trusted) the child of her benefactor, and all her homely but well-directed energies were called into action. Partly carrying him in her own arms, and partly by casual assistance, she succeeded in conveying him to the nearest dwelling, that small way-side inn. There he was put comfortably to bed, and medical aid obtained promptly—the longer delay of which must have proved fatal. And then a message was sent off to Farmer Cleaves, (a man and horse, for that poor woman was a creature of noble spirit, and impatient to relieve the father's misery,) and then the widow quietly took her station by the pillow of the little sufferer. His

head had undergone a second dressing, and the surgeon had pronounced, that all would go well with him, if he were kept for a time in perfect quiet. It need not be told how rigidly that injunction was attended to, nor how carefully, when he was in a state to be removed, the father conveyed back his truant child to the shelter of his own peaceful cottage—nor how anxiously he was nursed up there to decided convalescence—nor how solemnly, yet tenderly, when the boy was so far recovered, his father set before him the magnitude of his offence, and the fatal consequences which had so nearly resulted from it. Joey wept sore, and looked down with becoming humility, and promised, over and over again, and really with a sincere intention, never, never again to give his father cause for uneasiness or displeasure.

Time travelled on—school-days and holidays revolved in regular succession—and Joey comported himself just well enough to gain the character of a very good scholar in school, and a very idle dog out of it, except at home and in his father's sight, when he comported himself with such a show of sanctity and correctness, as was quite edifying to behold, and too easily lulled to rest the awakened caution of the still credulous old man.

Andrew had continued his son at the academy to an unusually advanced period of youth, from the difficulty of knowing how to dispose of and employ him profitably, during the interregnum between school and the earliest time of admission in the counting-house, where, at the proper age, he was to be articulated. At last, however, in consideration of his really forward and excellent abilities, the gentlemen of the firm consented to receive him; and now the time arrived when the human bark was to be launched from its supporting cradle into the tumultuous stream of active life. Insomuch, as it advanced him, in his own estimation, to the honour and dignity of confirmed manhood, Josiah was elated at the

change; but had he been left to follow the lead of his own inclinations, to a surety *they* would not have hoisted him up with a pen behind his ear, before a dingy desk, in a dark gloomy counting-house, there to pore away the precious hours he could have disposed of so much more agreeably. Had Joey been allowed to choose his own lot in life, to a certainty he would have enrolled himself a bold dragoon, a dashing lancer, a trooper of some denomination,—anything that would have clothed him in a showy uniform, and given him the command of a horse; but all military professions were so abhorrent to Andrew Cleaves, that he would as lieve have placed his son in the Devil's Own, as in "The King's Own;" and the boy was too well aware of his father's inveterate prejudices, even to hint at his own longings; still less did he hazard the more debasing avowal, that he would have preferred the situation of a dashing groom to a station at the desk; and that to be a jockey! a *real, knowing* Newmarket jockey! (he had heard a vast deal about Newmarket,) would have been the climax of his ambition. Happy disposition, to qualify him for the staid clerk of a commercial establishment! But knowing the decree was irreversible, he submitted to it with a tolerably good grace, consoling himself with the reflection, that many young men so situated were nevertheless very fine fellows, and contrived, at odd hours, evenings, and holidays, to indemnify themselves very tolerably for their hours of durance vile. He had great confidence, moreover, that good fortune would introduce him to some of those choice spirits, whose experience would initiate him into many useful secrets.

Joey's expectations were but too well founded; temptation lies in wait for youth at every turning and bypath; but when youth starts with the design of voluntarily entering her fatal snare, the toils are wound about the prey with treble strength, and

rarely, if ever, is it disentangled. Joey was soon the associate and hero of all the idle and dissolute youth in C——, —the hero of cock-fights, of bull-baitings, of the ring, of the skittle ground, of every low, cruel, and debasing sport, that prepares the way, by sure and rapid advances, through all the gradations of guilt, towards the jail, the convict ship, and the scaffold.

Nevertheless, for a considerable time, Josiah contrived to keep up a very fair character with his employers—so clear and prompt was his despatch of business, and (with a very few exceptions) so punctual and assiduous his attention to office hours. Beyond those seasons, their watchfulness extended not, and no glaring misdemeanour, on the part of their young clerk, had yet awakened any degree of suspicious vigilance.

The heart of Andrew Cleaves was, therefore, gladdened by such reports of his son's *official* conduct, as, coming from so respectable a quarter, were, in his estimation, sufficient surety of general good conduct, and he was consequently lulled into a fatal security, not even invaded by any of those vague and flying rumours, which generally lead the way to painful but important discoveries. Andrew Cleaves had no friends, it could scarcely be said, any acquaintance—alas! it is to be feared, no well-wishers. Beyond the cold concerns of business, he had maintained no intercourse with his fellow men. His world was a contracted span; two objects of interest occupied it wholly—his wealth and his son. But there was no equipoise between the scales that held those treasures. He would not, in Shylock's place, have been in suspense between "his ducats and his daughter."

Gold had been his idol, till superseded by that living claimant, to whose imagined good all other considerations became secondary and subservient, and for whom (looking to worldly aggrandisement as the grand point of attainment, though Andrew talked well of "the one

thing needful") he continued to improve upon his habits of parsimony and accumulation, so as to deny himself the common comforts becoming necessary to his advancing years. But the hard gripe occasionally relaxed at the persuasive voice of Josiah's eloquence; and that hopeful youth, as he advanced in the ways of iniquity, made especial progress in its refined arts of specious hypocrisy, to which, alas! his early training had too favourably disposed him.

It would be a tedious and distasteful task minutely to trace the progressive steps by which Josiah attained that degree of hardened profligacy, which marked his character by the time he had completed his nineteenth year—the second of his clerkship in Messrs. — counting-house. The marvel is, that his seat on the high office stool had not been vacated long before the expiration of that period. The eyes of his employers had for some time been open to his disreputable and ruinous courses. Their keen observation was of course upon him in all matters that could in any way affect their own interests; and at length, on that account, as well as from more conscientious motives, which ought to have had earlier influence, they deemed it requisite to arouse the fears of the still-deluded parent, and to recommend his interference, to avert, if possible, the dangerous career of his infatuated son. Alas! it was a cruel caution, for it came too late. Too late, except to excite the father's fears to a sudden pitch of agony, which provoked him to bitter upbraidings, and violent denunciations, and thus contributed to sear the already corrupted heart of the insensate youth, and to accelerate his desperate plunge into irretrievable ruin.

It was well known at C—— that Andrew Cleaves had (for a man in his station) amassed considerable wealth, and that his idolized and only son would inherit it undivided; and in that confidence, there were not wanting venturous and unprincipled persons, who not only gave him

credit in the way of trade, to an unwarrantable amount, but even advanced him loans from time to time, on the speculation of future repayment, with usurious interest. By such means, added to the not inconsiderable gratifications he at different times obtained from his father, under various specious pretences, Josiah had been enabled to run a course of low and profligate extravagance, far exceeding anything which had entered into the suspicions of his employers, or the tardily aroused apprehensions of the distressed father. Among the threats of that abused parent, there was one which Josiah doubted not would be promptly executed—a public advertisement in C——, that Andrew Cleaves held himself nowise answerable for any debts his son might think proper to contract—an exposure which would not only cut him off from all future supplies, but probably create such distrust of his hitherto undoubted heirship, as to bring forward all the claims standing against him, and irritate his father, beyond hope of accommodation.

But the idea of absconding from C—— had long been familiar to Josiah, and he had for some time past been connected with a set of characters, whose daring exploits, and communication with the metropolis, had fired his ambition to emulate the former, and to transfer his genius to a theatre more worthy its enterprising capabilities. Yet, Josiah's heart was not quite hardened. It had not lost all pleasant remembrance of his days of boyish happiness—of the indulgences of his father's dwelling, and of the repressed, but ill-dissembled fondness of that doating parent, whose proud and severe nature had even accommodated itself to offices of womanly tenderness, for the feeble infant left motherless to his care.

There were still moments—even in the circle of his vile associates—even in the concerting their infamous schemes—or while the profane oath still volleyed from his tongue—and the roar of riotous mirth and licentious song resounded—there were

moments, even then, when recollection of better things flashed across his mind, like angels' wings athwart the pit of darkness, and he shuddered with transient horror at the appalling contrast.

The faint gleam of such a mental vision still haunted him at the breaking up of a riotous meeting, during which he had finally arranged with his confederates the plan which was to remove him (probably for ever!) from C—— and its vicinity.

"But I will have one more look at the old place before I go," suddenly resolved Josiah, when he had parted from his companions. "At least I will have a last look at the *outside* of the walls—though I *can't* go in—I *can't* face the old man, before I leave him—he would not pass over what can't be undone—and there's no going back *now*—but I *will* see the old place again."

It was late on the Sabbath evening when Josiah formed this sudden resolution, and so quickly was it carried into effect, that it wanted near an hour to midnight when he reached the low boundary of the cottage garden.

It was a calm delicious night of ripening Spring—so hushed and still, you might have heard the falling showers of overblown apple blossoms. Josiah lingered for a moment with his hand on the garden wicket; and while he thus tarried, was startled by a sudden but familiar sound from the adjacent close. It was the niching salutation of his old friend Greybeard, who, having perceived, with fine instinct, the approach of his young master and quondam playmate, came forward, as in days of yore, to the holly hedge, which divided his pasture from the garden, and poking his white nose through the old gap betwixt the hawthorn and the gate, greeted him with that familiar nicher.

"Ah, old boy! is it thou?" said the youth, in a low hurried voice, as he stooped a moment to stroke the face of his faithful favourite. "Dost *thou* bid me welcome home, old fellow?"

Well—that's something!" and a short unnatural laugh finished the sentence, as he turned from the loving creature, and with quick, but noiseless steps, passed up the garden walk to the front of the quiet cottage.

Quiet as the grave it stood in the flood of moonlight—its lonely tenant had long since gone to rest; and no beam from hearth or taper streamed through the diamond panes of the small casements.

The Prodigal gazed for a moment on the white walls—on the honeysuckle already flowering round his own casement—then stepped within the porch, and softly, and fearfully, as it were, raised his hand to the latch—which, however, he lifted not—only softly laid his hand upon it, and so, with eyes rooted to the ground, stood motionless for a few minutes, till the upraised arm dropt heavily; and with something very like a sigh, he turned from the door of his father's dwelling, to retrace his steps towards C——.

Yet once again in his way down the garden path, he turned to look on the home he was forsaking. At that moment the evil spirit slept within him, and his better nature was stirring in his heart. The repose of night—its "beauty of holiness"—the healing influence of the pure fresh air—the sight of that familiar scene—nay, the fond greeting of his dumb favourite—the thought for what purpose he was there—and of the old man who slept within those silent walls, unconscious of the shock impending over him in the desertion of his only child—all these things crowded together with softening influence into the heart of that unhappy boy, as he turned a farewell look upon the quiet cottage—and just then a sound from within smote his ear faintly. At first, a faint, low sound, which deepened by degrees into a more audible murmur, and proceeded surely from his father's chamber. Josiah started—"Was the old man ill?" he questioned with himself—"Ill and alone!" and without far-

ther parley, he stepped quickly but noiselessly to the low casement, and still cautiously avoiding the possibility of being seen from within, gazed earnestly between the vine-leaves through the closed lattice. The interior of the small chamber was quite visible in the pale moonshine—so distinctly visible that Josiah could even distinguish his father's large silver watch hanging at the bed's head in its nightly place—and on that bed two pillows were yet laid side by side, (it was the old man's eccentric humour) as in the days when his innocent child shared with him that now solitary couch. But neither pillow had been pressed that night—the bed was still unoccupied—and beside it knelt Andrew Cleaves, visibly in an agony of prayer—for his upraised hands were clasped above the now bald and furrowed brow. His head was flung far back in the fervour of supplication—and though the eyelids were closed, the lips yet quivered with those murmuring accents, which, in the deep stillness of midnight, had reached Josiah's ear and drawn him to the spot. It was a sight to strike daggers to the heart of the ungrateful child, who knew too well, who felt too assuredly, that for him, offending as he was, that agonizing prayer was breathed—that his unedifying conduct and sinful courses had inflicted that bitterness of anguish depicted on the venerable features of his only parent. Self-convicted, self-condemned, the youthful culprit stood gazing as if spell-bound, and impulsively, instinctively, his hands also closed in the long-neglected clasp of prayer—and unconsciously his eyes glanced upward for a second, and *perhaps* the inarticulate aspiration which trembled on his lip, was, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Yet such it hardly could have been—for that touching cry, proceeding from a deeply stricken heart would have reached the ear of Mercy, and, alas! those agitated feelings of remorse, which might "if Heaven had willed it,"

Have matured to penitence and peace, were but the faint stirrings of a better spirit doomed to be irrevocably quenched ere thoroughly awakened.

The tempter was at hand, and the infatuated victim wanted moral courage to extricate himself by a bold effort while there was yet time, from the snare prepared for his destruction. Just at that awful moment, that crisis of his fate, when the sense of guilt suddenly smote upon his heart, and his better angel whispered, "Turn—yet turn and live!"—at that decisive moment a rustling in the holly hedge, accompanied by a low whistle, and a suppressed laugh, broke on his startled ear; and, as if a serpent had stung him, he sprang without one backward glance from the low casement and the cottage walls—and almost at a bound he cleared the garden path, and dashed through the little gate which swung back from his desperate hand with jarring violence.

Those awaited him without, from whom he could not brook the sneer of ridicule—with whom he had mocked at and abjured all good and holy things, and with whose desperate fortunes he had voluntarily embarked his own; and well they knew the hold they had upon him, and having at that time especial motives to desire his faithful adherence, they had dodged his steps to the lone cottage, under a vague suspicion that if an interview should take place between the father and son, Nature might powerfully assert her rights, and yet detach the youth from their unholy coalition.

"The children of this world *are*, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." They guessed well, and too well succeeded in securing their victim—and before Josiah had half retraced the townward way with his profligate companions, his mind was again engrossed by their nefarious projects, and all that had so recently affected him—the whole familiar scene—the low white cottage—the little chamber, and the aged man who knelt beside that lone-



ly bed in prayer for an offending child—all these things had faded like a vision from his unstable mind ; and secretly humiliated at the recollection of his momentary weakness, the

miserable youth bade an eternal adieu to the paths of peace and innocence, and gave himself up to work evil unreservedly.

### HISTORY OF THE COURT OF CHANCERY.\*

**T**HIS work commences a new era in legal history. The History of Mr. Reeves and the Miscellanies of Barrington are mere dry and antiquarian records of the growth of law and English judicial establishments. The general "Histories of England" have been palpably deficient in that important and valuable department of historical illustration connected with the laws and jurisprudence of the country. Legal histories have been generally undertaken to expound the value of ancient institutions ; Mr. Parkes's History of the Court of Chancery is to illustrate the value of the principles of legislation and jurisprudence, by showing the ignorance of science in the founders of our early courts of equity and common law. A knowledge of *technical* and black letter law has been generally wanting in the popular historians of our country, and in the instance of Coke the excess of that occult and mystical learning smothered his senses and all taste for the science and principles of his profession. All the modern lawyers of great intellect and acquirement, have been either absorbed in the craft of the law as a trade, or in the more gainful trade of *politics*. Moreover, they were too much interested in the spoils of the profession to acknowledge or to expose its grievances and unnecessary cost to the nation. The Barons in Magna Charta bound down their kings not to sell, deny, or delay justice ; but when the sale, denial, and delay of justice gave birth to places and fees

(which, distributed among the younger children of the nobility, compensated *them* for the endurance of injustice), then the people were left to shift for themselves, and the famous stipulation in the charter became an obsolete statute. The last science also which in England has reaped the benefit of logic and correct reasoning, is jurisprudence : the fact is singular ; the cause involves a longer disquisition than we can now afford.

A second re-action in the interests of the Aristocracy has again taken place—they are caught in the web of their own sophistry : the state of the law has now entangled in hopeless intricacy, litigation, and plunder, all the large lauded properties and fortunes of the country : the nobles and collective wisdom of the nation are therefore once more interested in its reformation. This is undoubtedly one of the many causes operating in England for the reform and improvement of the laws. The vast commercial interests of the kingdom, also, the natural subjects of litigation, have deluged the existing tribunals with actions and suits beyond what even the physical powers of the administrators of justice can duly try or determine. Lord Eldon was accustomed to *bag* the papers of the equity suitors till Paternoster-row would not have held the mass of written evidence scattered through the chambers of his law subjects, the equity draftsmen and solicitors ; and which his lordship, because he bagged all the fees, logically thought he could therefore read and adjudicate :

\* A History of the Court of Chancery ; with practical Remarks on the recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the Means of Improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Equity. By Joseph Parkes. London, 1828. 1 vol. 8vo.



"I will take the papers home and endeavour to give judgment to-morrow." Sir Lancelot Shadwell, the present vice-chancellor of the Court of Chancery, in his evidence before the Chancery Commission, and when he probably had not the *rem in ipse*, asserted that "the load of business now in the court was so great, that three angels could not get through it." Sir Lancelot Shadwell is now of course an *archangel*. There are certain phases in the human mind analogous to the constitutional changes of the body; and few classes of society have been so remarkably subject to the pecuniary influence of these set periods of life as the lawyers.

Added to these causes of legal reform, the science of jurisprudence has certainly been of modern and rapid stride. The pandects and the old jurists no longer command that exclusive adoration which formerly prevented even men of genius from penetrating mysticisms and discovering reason. The political changes in Europe, during the last century, brought forth the Russian, Prussian, and Napoleon codes; and North America, having no ready-made-law suited to the demands of justice, and no sinister interests banded in corrupt support of the sediment of bad law left by the mother country when she separated from it, soon used her unshackled energies to construct and improve the various courts of justice. All these concurrent causes have gradually induced a more original and fruitful study of the science of jurisprudence. Ultimately the philosophical and original mind of Mr. Bentham, the great parent of the science, opened a revelation of natural truth; and the rays of light are bursting on all nations of the earth.

Mr. Parkes has submitted the Court of Chancery as the anatomical demonstrator exposes the human body to a complete and analytical dissection. Antiquity is used, not to sanctify defects, but to trace their origin, that historical investigation may discover, with the cause, the

cure of the diseases of the legal system. At the same time the weaknesses of the antiquarian and historian, who generally pile detail on detail, whether or not they illustrate the object of the history, are avoided. The work is a complete exposure of the fallacy of the adoration paid to the institutions of our ancestors, because they are *old*; and it completely dissipates the delusion, that the laws and legal institutions of this country were "founded on wisdom" and "first principles." It is made manifest, that they were imperfect works, constructed in dark ages, for the temporary purposes of the days of their creation, always struggling with wry birth and corruption for existence, and protected by a very limited appreciation of the real value or wants of justice.

This cormorant court has now within its jaws an increasing amount of property almost incredible. And the following account of its progressive and inordinate funds in court, distinctly marks the insatiate nature of its vortex:—

	£.	s.	d.
1756, the total amount was	2,864,975	16	1
1766 — — —	4,019,004	19	4
1776 — — —	6,602,229	8	6
1786 — — —	8,848,535	7	11
1796 — — —	14,550,397	2	0
1806 — — —	21,922,754	12	8
1816 — — —	31,953,890	9	5
1818 — — —	33,534,520	0	10

This amount has now increased to *forty millions sterling*! to which must be added its involvement in litigation and uncertain possession of various real and bankrupt property.

The first chapter in Mr. Parkes's history, argues the necessity of reform in the Court of Chancery. The second details the nature and origin of that anomaly of law, unknown in all other countries, improperly termed *Equity*; and the gradual way in which the king, who formerly heard petitions in person, subsequently referred them to his *deputy*. The progress of the jurisdiction, and the administration of it, are then traced from the reign of Edward III. through all the dynasties, to the reign of James I. And it is not a little ca-

rious to notice the incessant representations of the Commons against the usurpation of the court and its chancellors, the invasion of the common law and the rights of juries, and the predictions of future evils. The deplorable nuisance of the court, during the reign of Charles I., is narrated in Chapter VII. from indisputable authorities and historical evidence, and the innumerable evils resulting from the *political* functions of the chancellor, are distinctly and boldly exhibited. Indeed the subsequent proceedings of the Commonwealth men, to break up and re-construct the court, are fully justified in the enormity of the then existing evils of the jurisdiction, which the country loudly demanded should be terminated. The history of the Court of Chancery during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, forms the most original and valuable historical portion of the volume. It is an impartial and laborious collation of the journals of the two Houses of Parliament, and of innumerable contemporary tracts and legal works, from whence a new and singular light is cast on the proceedings of those calumniated and misrepresented times.

The *remedial* portion of the work is of course, though not historically, substantially, the most important. A

complete analysis is given of the various jurisdictions of the English Court of Chancery. The importance and practicability of numerous reforms tending to remove the *causes* of litigation, or in other words, lessening the subjects of litigation, is first pointed out, viz. ; the state of laws of real property, of the technical forms of conveyancing, the laws regarding trusts, corporations, and charities ; the bankrupt laws and jurisdiction, and various alterations and amendments of the general law and judicial system of the country. For this great and necessary object, a *real* Commission is proposed for the deliberate and honest consideration of every department of reform. A subdivision of the labour of the court, and of the jurisdictions, is proposed and particularized ; and though last, not least, the substitution of *viva voce* for written evidence, (not however with the accompaniment of a jury,) and which Mr. Parkes considers an amendment greatly overlooked, but all important. We cannot extract any portion of this part of the work, but must conclude with recommending it to the consideration of all those interested in the grave and paramount question on which so much light is thrown by Mr. Parkes's elaborate and valuable work.

## THE SEVEN APOCALYPTIC CHURCHES.—FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

FROM RECENT "LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT."

**T**HERE cannot possibly be placed on record a more striking example of the literal and circumstantial fulfilment of a prophecy, than the instance of the denunciations directed against the Seven apocalyptic Churches. The later events in the history of the world, the predictions of which profess to be contained in the writings of inspiration, are all cloaked in mystery, or couched in language which is impressive from its very obscurity. Here there is no circuitous style of allegory, and no

dark forebodings dealt forth through the involutions of mysticism ; the words of the prophet are plain, concise, and equally palpable in their enunciation and fulfilment. The accomplishment of some was deferred but a brief period from the moment of their declaration, whilst the more slow, but equally certain progress of the others is at length completed.

1. As the chief strong-hold of Christianity in the East, and that centre from whence its rays were most brilliantly disseminated, till

"all they who dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks,"\* Ephesus is first addressed by the Evangelist: his *charge* against her is a declension in religious fervour,† and his *threat* in consequence, a total extinction of her ecclesiastical brightness.‡ After a protracted struggle with the sword of Rome and the sophism of the Gnostics, Ephesus at last gave way. The incipient indifference, censured by the warning voice of the Prophet, increased to a total forgetfulness, till at length the threatenings of the apocalypse were fulfilled, and Ephesus sunk with the general overthrow of the Greek empire, in the fourteenth century.

A more thorough change can scarcely be conceived, than that which has actually occurred at Ephesus. Once the seat of active commerce, the very sea has shrunk from its solitary shores; its streets, once populous with the devotees of Diana, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serf, or browsed by the sheep of the peasant. Its mouldering arches and dilapidated walls merely whisper the tale of its glory; and it requires the acumen of the geographer, and the active scrutiny of the exploring traveller, to form a probable conjecture as to the very site of the "First Wonder of the World." Nothing remains unaltered save the "eternal hills," and the mazy Cayster, the stream of which rolls on still changeless and the same.

No vestige of Christianity is preserved except the ruins at Ayasalook, whither many of the inhabitants of Ephesus retired, at the time of its destruction, from their desolated and irreparable city. After this period, Ayasalook suffered numerous vicissitudes during the wars of Timourlane and Solymán; but as its importance gradually died away with the departure of commerce and

other causes, it at length fell to Time, the resistless conqueror of all, and now retains but a faint inscription on the page of history, and a mutilated skeleton of its edifices entombed in a sepulchre heaped around them by their own decay. It consists of about thirty or forty wretched houses, chiefly built of mud and broken marbles or fragments from the wrecks of Ephesus. Around it in every direction spread extensive ruins of former edifices, prostrate columns and desolated walls, whilst its castle in mouldering pride crowns the summit of a neighbouring hill; and these, together with the vestiges of a church dedicated to St. John, and the remaining arches of its splendid aqueduct, bespeak the former extent and importance of the widowed city.

The present inhabitants of Ayasalook are chiefly Turks and a few miserable Greeks, who have long forgotten the language of their nation, but retain the name of its religion, and earn a wretched subsistence by tilling the unhealthy plains beneath. The castle, erected about the year 1340, is now in total ruin, its tottering buttresses encompassing merely a mass of overthrown buildings and heaps of decayed walls, embedded in high rank weeds, where the cameleon and the green metallic lizard lie basking in the sun, and where the snake and the jackal find a secure and seldom disturbed retreat. Its summit commands a superb and extensive view of the plains of the Cayster, the site of Ephesus, the windings of the river, and the distant hills of Galesus and Pactyas. It is impossible to conceive a more depressing or melancholy prospect; on every side the speaking monuments of decay, a mouldering arch, a tottering column, or a ruined temple. Solitude seems to reign triumphant; the wretched inhabitants of the village are seldom to be seen, save in

\* Acts xix. 10.

† Nevertheless I have something against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Rev. ii. 4.

‡ I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, unless thou repent. Rev. ii. 5.

early morning, or in the cool of the evening, when they sally from their muddy habitations to labour in the plain, which would be impossible during the burning meridian heat. Neither motion nor sound is discernible, save the cry of the sea-bird on the shore, or the tinkling of a sheep-bell amid the ruins: all, all is silence and decay. Ayasalook possessed no object to interest us: a large building at some distance from the town, formerly a Christian church dedicated to St. John, and latterly a Turkish mosque, is now a heap of rubbish and grass-grown walls; its halls deserted, its doors and windows torn out, rank weeds springing in its aisles, while in its courts a few lofty trees add by their mournful waving to the solemnity of its desertion. Some large columns of granite are still left standing, and are said to have once belonged to the temple of Diana. In the walls are inserted certain inscribed marbles taken from a former building, which are now hastening to that destruction, from which they had before been snatched; and the interior, after having served Diana, Christ, and Mahomet, is now abandoned to the owl and the jackal. A marble sarcophagus, almost shapeless from the effects of time, stands in the town, near the door of the coffee-house; its inscription and ornaments are obliterated, and from once enshrining the dust of some warrior, or chieftain, it is now degraded into a watering-place for cattle. Ephesus is no more, and such is its modern successor. Thus all the wealth of Cræsus, the genius of Ctesiphon, the munificence of Alexander, and the glory of Lysimachus, (to each of whom Ephesus was indebted,) have no other representative than the mouldering castle and mud-walled cottages of Ayasalook!

2. To Smyrna the message of St. John conveys at once a striking in-

stance of the theory I am illustrating, and a powerful lesson to those who would support the shrine of Omnipotence by the arm of impotency, and fancy they can soothe the erring soul by the balm of persecution, and correct its delusions by the persuasions of intolerance. To this church is foretold the approach of tribulation, and poverty,\* and suffering, and imprisonment;† whilst the consequence of their endurance is to add permanency to their faith, and to reward their triumphs with the crown of immortality.‡ Since the first establishment of Christianity at Smyrna, since the murder of Polycarp, down to the massacre of the Grecian Patriarch, and the persecutions of to-day, the history of Smyrna presents but one continued tale of bloodshed and religious barbarity; the sabre of the Ottoman promptly succeeding to the glaive of the Roman, in firm, but bootless attempts, to overthrow the faith of "the Nazarene;" but centuries of oppression have rolled over her in vain, and at this moment, with a Christian population of fourteen thousand inhabitants, Smyrna still exists, not only as the chief hold of Christianity in the East, but the head quarters from whence the successors of the Apostles, in imitation of *their* exertions, are daily replanting in Asia those seeds of Christianity which they were the first to disseminate, but which have long since perished during the winter of oppression and barbarism.

This fact is the more remarkable, since Smyrna is the only community to which persecution has been foretold, though to others a political existence has been promised. It would seem, however, that in *their* case, ease and tranquillity had produced apathy and decay; whilst, like the humble plant which rises most luxuriantly towards heaven the more closely it is pressed and trodden on,

\* I know thy works, and tribulation and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.

† Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried, and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Rev. ii. 9, 10.

‡ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii. 10.

the church of Smyrna, in common with the persecuted tribes of every age and of every clime, has gained strength from each attack of its opposers, and triumphs to-day in its rising splendour, whilst the sun of its oppressors is quickly gliding from twilight to oblivion.

3. Against Pergamos is adduced the charge of instability;\* but to its wavering faith is promised the all-powerful counsel of the Deity.† The errors of Balaani and the Nicolaitanes have been purged away; Pergamos has been preserved from the destroyer, and three thousand Christians now cherish the rites of their religion in the same spot where it was planted by the hands of St. Paul.

4. To Thiatyra a similar promise has been made, and a similar result ensued. Amidst a horde of infidels, and far removed from intercourse with Christendom, the remnant still exists, to whom has been promised "the rod of iron" and "the star of the morning."‡

5. But by far the most remarkable is the catastrophe of Sardis; and the minuteness with which its downfall corresponds with its prediction cannot fail to strike the most obdurate sceptic. A lengthened accusation of formality in doctrine, and the outward show of religion without its fervour, leads to the announcement, "I will come on thee as a thief in the night; thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee;" but "thou hast a few names even in Sardis who have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."§ It is needless to trace the gradual decay of Sardis. Once the capital not only of Lydia but of Asia Minor, its boasted pre-eminence intellectually and politically gave the first impulse to its decline. I am not sufficiently versed in theological lore to trace the gradations of its fall; but its overthrow came, "like a thief in the

night," during that earthquake, which, in the reign of Tiberius, levelled its proudest compeers with the dust. It did certainly undergo a temporary and sickly recovery; but it was only to relapse into a more slow but equally fatal debasement; and the modern Sart scarcely merits to be called the *dust* of Sardis. A great portion of the ground once occupied by the imperial city is now a smooth grassy plain, browsed over by the sheep of the peasantry, or trodden by the camels of the caravan. An ordinary mosque rears its domes amidst the low dingy dwellings of the modern Sardians; and all that remains to point out the site of its glory are a few disjointed pillars and the crumbling rock of the Acropolis. The first emotion on viewing these miserable relics is, to inquire, "Can this be Sardis?" Occasionally, the time-worn capital of a ponderous column, or the sculptured surface of a shattered marble, appear rising above the weeds that overshadow them; incongruous masses of overthrown edifices are uncovered by the plough, or the storied inscription of some hero's tale is traced upon the slab imbedded in the mud of the cottage-wall: but Sardis possesses no remains to gladden the prying eye of the traveller, and no comforts to requite his toilsome wanderings in their search. The walls of its fortress, that bade defiance to the successive arms of Cyrus, Alexander, and the Goths, are now almost level with the surface of the cliff on which they were once proudly reared; the vestiges of the palace of the Lydian kings are too confused to suggest the slightest idea of its form or extent; and the area of the amphitheatre is silent as the voiceless grave.—So far for the first clause of the prophecy; and the second is not less striking, if we may consider the little church of Tartar Keyu as that remnant "who should walk in white." The modern ham-

\* Vide Rev. ii. 14, 15.

† I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. Idem, 16.

‡ Vide Rev. ii. 26, 27, 28.

§ Rev. iii. 3, 4.

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let of Tartar Keuy has sprung up within the last twenty years at about three miles distance from the wreck of Sardis, the remnants of its Christian population having retired hither to seek protection for themselves, and a refuge for the unmolested exercise of their persecuted faith, from which they had been unceasingly prohibited by the tyranny of Kara Osman, or Karasman Oglou: the little community now consists of about one hundred members, who maintain for themselves a priest, and contrive to keep in repair the unadorned walls of their primitive church.—Such literal instances are seldom to be paralleled.

6. Philadelphia is the only one of the Seven Churches on whom unqualified praise has been bestowed, and to whom a permanent endurance is foretold.\* Both its physical and political situation would seem to conspire in counteracting the fulfilment of the prediction; earthquakes and subterranean convulsions on the one hand, and wars and ruinous invasions on the other; but it still endures, despite of both, and its community, though not the most numerous, is by far the *purest* in Asia. Her situation has many charms to interest her visitor; her widely-scattered buildings, spreading over an eminence at the base of Mount Tmolus, are thrown into the most picturesque points of view, to which her minarets and cy-

presses give the usual characteristics of Orientalism; whilst the remnants of Christian temples, rising amidst the waving olive-groves which surround the modern representative of the sixth seminary of Christianity, and her associations with time, history and prophecy, confer on her an interest beyond the power of modern incident or adornment to bestow.

7. To Laodicea the most summary of the denunciations is directed—that of total subversion.† It has been awfully accomplished; it now stands rejected of God and deserted by man, its glory a ruin, its name a reproach! No wretched outcast dwells in the midst of it; it has long been abandoned to the owl and to the fox. Not one perfect or very striking object meets the eye; all is alike desolate and decayed. The hill appears one tumulus of ruins, from which the masses of faded buildings that present themselves seem bursting above the surrounding soil. Alternately under the dominion of the Romans and the Turks, and ravaged by the successive wars and invasions of the generals of the Lower Empire, and the sultans who succeeded them, the history of Laodicea is a mere alternation of vicissitudes; earthquakes and internal commotion have conspired to aid the ravages of man, and centuries have perhaps elapsed since its total abandonment.‡

#### MATERNAL REVENGE.

GIANNINA was one of the most comely damsels in Calabria, and had many a wealthy suitor. To none, however, did she seem inclined to lend a willing ear. Some, of a

more timid nature, admired the maiden, and would fain have wooed her, but were kept aloof by the haughty glance of her light blue eye; a glance that was rendered more re-

\* Thou hast a little strength, thou hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Rev. iii. 8.

† Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. Ib. 12.

‡ I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Rev. iii. 15, 16.

§ Eski-hissar, a miserable village which has sprung from the ruins of Laodicea, contains about fifty inhabitants, of whom two only are Christians, and possess a small mill in the hamlet.



markable from the tender color of the eye, whose sable fringes formed another striking, but agreeable contrast, with its azure hue, and agreed with the glossy raven locks that shaded her an ivy brow.

Giannina's father was by no means a thrifty man. His cottage had a better appearance than most of those in the village, of which it was the furthest habitation. The village itself was on the confines of a wood, which reached half way up the side of a wild, and, in some parts, inaccessible mountain; and dreadful were the tales told of the banditti, by which it was infested. The villagers, however, having little to lose, had also little to fear from their depredations; and indeed, of late, only one instance had been given of any attempt to disturb their tranquillity. This attempt was made on the abode of Giannina's father; and it was supposed to have been thus directed from his being reputed one of the wealthiest inhabitants. By the courage of Giannina it had been defeated. She was roused in the night by an attempt to force her window, when, seizing a hatchet, she struck at a man who was in the act of entering. The robber fell to the ground, as Giannina's father, whom her cries had brought to her assistance, arrived, but only in time to witness the intruder's escape, which he effected, although the blood with which the window-sill was imbued testified that he had not escaped unhurt.

Not long after this event, a stranger made his appearance in the village, and succeeded in obtaining the affection Giannina had so constantly withheld from her rustic admirers. The suitor to whom she seemed thus favourably inclined was about thirty years of age; of handsome, though wild and haughty aspect. His stature was considerably above the middle size, and he would have appeared robust had not his extreme paleness, occasioned by a wound that, he said, he had lately received at the chase, and which still obliged him to wear his arm in a

sling, given a sickly delicacy to his features.

Giannina's father, whose will was entirely subservient to her own, consented to the marriage; but from the day on which it took place, the bride and bridegroom disappeared, leaving the afflicted parent as completely ignorant of their fate as the rest of the villagers.

"Giannina," said Antonio to his bride, as, after the marriage ceremony, they were returning towards their father's roof, "Let us escape awhile from the noisy festivity that awaits us, within the shade of the adjacent wood."

"Tis but a dangerous resort," rejoined Giannina. "Dost thou fear?" said Antonio; and the inflexion of his voice seemed to import more than, "dost thou fear?"—Giannina attended but unto the words. The damsel was proud of her merited renown for courage; and, replying, with a degree of pique, that she would prove her daring, took with him the road that led to the ill-famed forest. They had wandered some minutes in its glades, when Giannina asked Antonio if he could still reproach her with her fears? "What should a sovereign dread within her realm?" he answered, in a sarcastic tone. "My realm!" "Aye, thine, my bandit queen!" and, on a loud whistle, a number of well-armed ruffians appeared to rise from the earth, descend from the trees, and in a moment to encompass them. "Homage to your Queen!" said the robber Captain, for such he was, and taking his wounded arm from a sling—"My gentle bride!" said he, "dost know this nerveless hand! It was not such the night it opened thy casement! But, for this hand of mine, I've now a hand of thine; and the few drops of blood I do forgive thee! Homage to my Queen!" And at this moment Giannina looked a Queen. She turned to Antonio as though he, also, were her subject. "I neither love nor fear thee! Of love thou art unworthy! and fear—what have I left to fear? Deem not I shall attempt to

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forego my fate, for whither should I flee but infamy would follow? I do devote myself thy victim, nay, even thy faithful wife, and my own injuries forgive. Beware, alone, no deed of thine do injure aught of mine! of that alone beware, for even a victim may avenge! Respect my father! and all that is mine!"

She was his faithful wife. Three years had passed, and Antonio's band had been hunted down, until some had died of hunger and fatigue—some on the scaffold. Antonia and Giannina wandered now alone, except that Giannina carried in her arms an infant, that slumbered sweetly amongst dangers. She thought if ever she again could reach her native village, to leave the babe at her old father's door, with these few words, "*It is Giannina's child!*" But they were distant now—far distant—from her home, in the recesses of Calabria, which, alone, the pencil of Salvator\* hath portrayed in all their wildness: he wandered there with bandits such as they, and he hath left us the wild mountain scene, the rude banditti, and his captive self, storied on his canvass.

More than once had Antonio, for whose head a large reward was offered, been rescued by the quickness and courage of Giannina. But the Tyrolese troops, to whom the Austrian commander at Naples had as-

signed the task of exterminating the banditti, left them no repose. One day, harassed beyond measure, and closely pursued, they reached a bridge, so exposed to view, that they dared not hazard passing it. It was in summer, and the river, over which the bridge was built, now flowed in a narrower bed, but yet too deep to ford. They determined to take refuge under one of the arches which the current had abandoned. Hark! their pursuers approach! Their steps are heard on the bridge! The outlaws scarcely dared to breathe—Giannina pressed her infant to her breast—it gave a feeble cry—Antonio smothered it upon its mother's bosom!

The danger was past:—Giannina dug a grave in the sand, and placed within it the body of her poor lifeless child.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Antonio, the robber's head?" cried the populace of a small town in Calabria, as a female with dishevelled hair and haggard mien brought a bleeding head, fresh severed from the trunk, to the magistrate of the district.

"A thousand crowns are thine, thou second Judith!"

"I seek not the reward—Antonio was my husband—he killed my child, but yesterday—this night I slew him as he slept!"

#### A MILITARY ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT.

RECORDS of military adventures have been always received by the public with indulgence; and it is in the hope that I shall share it, that I venture to submit to the reader a brief account of a military expedition into Arabia Felix. It is my design rather to give my recollections and impressions, than a memoir of

military transactions from notes taken on the spot.

Barren mountains and arid plains, the blazing sun and interminable desert, the Arab and his troop of camels, are images of allurements to the fancy, which have been made familiar to us all. But the primitive style of warfare practised by these

\* Salvator Rosa is said to have been made prisoner by Calabrian banditti, and to have been detained some months by them in the mountains. One of his landscapes, in which are introduced some figures of robbers, and of a young man who appears in captivity, is supposed to relate to his own story.

wild people has rarely been described. Perhaps if the Ashantee war will not form an exception, the troops of civilized nations have not for many centuries been engaged with such simple savages. Their use of the spear, the shield, and the broad sword, their total ignorance of discipline, and their disorderly mode of attack, when brought into contrast with modern tactics, carry us back into very remote times.

I am not able to explain the causes of the rupture between these natives of the Desert, and the Imaum (Prince) of Muscat. We became first engaged in a contest with these people as the ally of the Imaum. Of the several families of Arabs which are scattered over the plains of sand which go under the name of "Arabia the Blest," the greater number were on terms of amity, and even of alliance, with this chief. But one settlement, that of the Whabees, had for many years given him molestations, advancing into the neighbourhood of Muscat, and defeating his troops. At the period when this narrative commences, there was a body of five hundred Sepoys left at his disposition by the British Government, under the command of Captain Thompson of the 17th Light Dragoons. These he despatched into the interior to the strong hold of the enemy, called Ben Boo-Ali, about seventy miles from the coast, in confident expectation that they would be reduced by a disciplined force. The event proved the contrary. Captain Thompson advanced, with much difficulty and fatigue to within half an hour's march of the town, and fell into an ambuscade. Under the covert of a rising ground, over which it was necessary he should pass, the Whabees, to the number of about eight hundred, lay concealed. They waited for the opportune moment, and then rushed upon their unsuspecting enemy with an appalling outcry. It is not surprising that the magical uprising of such a confused host of terrifying figures, struck the Sepoys with instant panic. Darting their

spears before them, and brandishing their double-edged swords, the Whabees were in their ranks in a moment. Our men found their arms only an incumbrance, and, although some efforts were made to rally them, for the most part they flung them away and fled. Very few escaped, and the vengeance of the Arabs was fully glutted.

When the news of this defeat reached Bombay, the Government thought it necessary to send an expedition against the offending settlement. The 65th Regiment, the Bombay European Regiment, a Light Battalion of Sepoys, the Second Battalion of the 7th Native Infantry, and four or five troops of artillery, with two companies of pioneers, were ordered to be in readiness for this service. The command was given to Lieutenant-General Sir Lionel Smith; and we embarked, in the month of January, 1821, a force which did not fall much short of three thousand men.

A voyage on the summer seas of the East is by no means the dangerous and disagreeable thing which it is in Europe. Instead of miserable transports, we were conveyed in large merchant vessels, and accommodated with every thing which could conduce to our comfort. We formed a fleet of not less than twenty sail, besides as many as twice that number of *patamars* (small craft), which contained the horses and a numerous retinue of camp followers.

I am at a loss to designate with geographical accuracy the exact spot of our landing in Arabia, any farther than by saying it was on the coast of the Persian Gulf; for the nests of huts which form the nearest town, do not find a place in any maps with which I am acquainted. Thither (to Zoar) we marched without delay, leaving our Commander-in-chief and staff behind us.

Our march to that place did not explain to me the propriety of the term *Felix* when applied to Arabia; but I thought it might perhaps deserve that appellation for the beauty

of the interior country. The Arabs, I knew, were a pastoral, as well as a warlike people; and to the word pastoral the idea of a beautiful landscape, by force of association, attaches itself. I could not have been more completely disappointed. The panoramic view was everywhere "barren and bare, unsightly, unadorned." It had no variety of feature: mountains, destitute of all vestige of verdure, everywhere met the wearied gaze; the same never-ending plains of sand extended on all sides in hopeless desolation. In vain the eye sought relief; there was nothing on which it could repose; an irksome monotony wearied the vision, while the heat was insufferable, and no periodical rains ever fell, as in India, to cool the earth. Arabs and vultures could alone live there; and the latter would, doubtless, soon wing their flight from the desolate sterility, but for the carnage which at times occurs on those arid plains.

We soon reached the spot destined for our encampment. A date-grove, some gardens, and an Arab village, about a mile and a half to its rear, were the sole attractive objects. The very idea of a shade from the united power of the sun and the burning sand was unspeakably grateful. Zoar, after the fatigue of our first march, with its little circuit of vegetation, seemed a spring of life in the waste. The simple mode of life, and the still simpler habitations of the natives, were strikingly novel. Our morning walks frequently led us among them. We generally encountered one of the prettiest pictures of their singular existence, composed of groups of females drawing water from the well. This ancient custom still prevails everywhere in the East; but here the women wore masks, which was, probably, of no disadvantage to them in an European eye, as it left the effect of their graceful figures and stately gait perfect, without counteraction from their ordinary viages. On entering, for the first time, among the rude assemblage of their huts, I was surprised at the

apathy with which they beheld us. We excited no curiosity, and drew no crowds about us. Every man we saw was either stretched on the ground, or wandering about, seemingly without purpose, having an air of indolent fierceness. The women alone appeared to transact the sluggish business of life. Their dwellings were clean, and their persons remarkably so. The dwellings are built of pliant stakes, covered with mud. They were extremely numerous, and huddled together in the utmost confusion; many of them in the midst of the grove of date-trees, but more straggling round it. Two or three mud towers, and a larger construction of the same materials, called the palace of the Sheikh, gave it, at a distance, an air of some pretension, and, to an Arab, no doubt, of grandeur. The palace had been turned into a bazaar, where Scindian and Surat merchants sold shawls, attar of roses, and various kinds of cloths and silks, and whence they conveyed them, I imagine, into the interior country. We sometimes fell in with a party of women weaving cloth, or knitting; and an incredible number of almost naked children were everywhere industriously employed.

On arriving at our ground, a scene of singular confusion took place. The tents were at first pitched with great irregularity, as the camels and camp followers with the baggage came up. Our multitudes intruded on the silence and solitude of the country with the rude clamour of Babel. The Hindostanee, Parsee, Arabic, and European languages were heard, mixed and confounded together. We were detained longer than we expected in this encampment, in consequence of the camels, to be furnished by the Imaum, not making their appearance. We joined in the same messes we had formed on board our respective ships; and experienced as yet no intermission of the good cheer and the gay freedom from solitude which marks a soldier's life in garrison. Our only suffering was

from the hot winds, and smothering blinding clouds of sand, which often filled the air, and obliged us to screen ourselves, as well as we could, all day long in our tents. During this time the commander-in-chief, with his staff, remained on the beach, superintending the disembarkation of stores. A perfect security from all possibility of attack reigned through the camp. The pickets, in consequence I believe of a false alarm having being given, were ordered not to load, and the sentries alone were permitted to do so. This gave rise to a catastrophe which I am now to relate, and which might have been expected.

The pickets had been sent out, for aught I know to the contrary, on a star-gazing party, for some hours. The moon had not yet "unveiled her peerless light;" and troops of well-mounted camels were bearing their riders in silent celerity over the sands, to furnish a spectacle at her rising. A captain of one of the pickets, acting up to the spirit of his orders, had forbidden even his sentries to load. On this unfortunate picket the Arabs made their attack. They had dismounted at some distance, and crept unobserved under a covert close to the defenceless outpost. Of course, resistance was vain. Many were cut down, and the rest fled in dismay towards the camp; but the enemy were at their heels, and in the camp as soon as themselves. During the few minutes they were there, they killed and wounded forty of our men, and houghed and left in agonies all the horses and mules they encountered in their way. They did not penetrate farther than the left wing. Some darted their spears through the tents, whilst others stood at the apertures to cut down those who issued from them. The scene of tumult and terror on the spot may be easily conceived. Fear deprived the fugitives of the power of utterance; and, in their haste, they sprang from their sleep, and hurried, almost in a state of nudity, through the labyrinth of tents, stumbling over the ropes, and

meeting or fearing a sworded foe at every turn. It was impossible to form the men, in this quarter, into ranks. The most spirited effort was made for this purpose by Captain Parr, who succeeded in reaching the front of the lines and collecting a few men together; but he fell a victim to his truly courageous attempt; for, separating from this small body, in search of others to join them, he was met and surrounded by the Whabees, and fell under their sabres, after receiving eight wounds during his desperate resistance. On the right, our men turned out on the first alarm; but, in spite of the quickness with which they formed into line, by the time they were ready for any defensive procedure, the enemy had accomplished the massacre and departed. In the morning we only found two of them dead.

After this surprise we were more on the alert. Our camp was formed more scientifically, and our commander-in-chief moved up to us. The Imaum had joined him on the beach, and tents were pitched for him near the staff lines. The Imaum's state and retinue were, as might be expected, very mean. There was not much superiority of dress to distinguish him from his subjects; and, in person, he had not that fierce and martial bearing which is so striking in his people. He received his visitors very unceremoniously, sitting with his hams doubled under him, and often throwing handfuls of rice and dates into his mouth during the conference. He had, according to ancient Oriental usage, reached his present elevation by the murder of his brother. Yet he was esteemed of a benignant disposition, of which latter amiable quality he gave evidence immediately after his arrival amongst us, by ordering seven of his subjects to be hanged, on suspicion of their being spies.

The cause of our detention all this time had been the non-arrival of the camels of the Imaum to carry our baggage, which were to be accompanied by some hundreds of Bedo-

ween Arabs. At last they came galloping forward at full speed. It was a singular sight. A promiscuous crowd of camels, horses, and asses, whose backs were unincumbered by any kind of housing, bore their riders along with a swiftness almost incredible. They were sometimes seen through, and sometimes lost in, the clouds of dust which they raised. The Bedowens brandished their swords, sounded them on their shields, and shouted exultingly as they advanced; and their vanity must have been gratified, to see our whole camp turn out to witness their approach.

To these picturesque beings ground on our right was allotted. Here they settled down in the utmost confusion. Of course, they were objects of great curiosity to us. Viewed from a little distance, the strange wild figures of the men, moving about in warrior guise, or basking at length in the sun; the sleek and beautiful figures of the horses, standing in every variety of posture; the camels rearing or reposing their awkward forms, or remaining fixed in the patient motionlessness of still life from sunrise to sunset; the incessant and varying gleam of arms; and the shifting and preposterous shadows of objects, before only known to us as a pageant of poetry, forcibly struck us. We went frequently to observe them more nearly. The harmony and affection which prevailed between the bipeds and quadrupeds was truly edifying. They all ate from the same bag of dates, and drank from the same skin of water, making quite a family circle at their meals.

We found the Bedowens much more communicative, at least by signs and smiles, than their countrymen, the immediate natives. They appeared to be amused at our ignorance, but showed no curiosity themselves. They suffered us to handle their swords, which are most formidable double-edged weapons, requiring great strength to wield; and they looked upon our spits with evident contempt, disdaining even to take them in their hands. Sometimes one

of them would feign to fight with one of our red coats, and throwing an assumed expression of ferocity into his countenance, would endeavour to excite some symptom of terror, which if he succeeded in doing, it would occasion him great pleasure. Altogether we afforded each other reciprocal amusement; and the contrast between the European dandy decked out in scarlet and embroidery, and the wild warrior of the Desert, was obviously striking, and greatly to the advantage of the latter. Even in outward appearance how superior was the Arab! His tall form, muscular well-built limbs, sallow complexion, regular marked features, long black hair, and dark eye of fire, set off, with the best effect, by his tunic, turban, and sleeveless cloak, the spear which he carried in his hand, the shield upon his arm, with his sword and krees in his belt, completed a figure, which when mounted on a spirited steed, was really inspiring. With their naked and terrific simplicity of person and encampment, ours, where all was artificial, was strangely at variance. The contrast was brought strikingly out in the evenings, when the Bedowens, separating into bands, went out, as the sun sunk behind the mountains, to perform their orisons. Upon these occasions, after casting handfuls of sand upon their heads, in sign of humiliation, they bent gracefully, covering their faces with their hands, to the earth; then they stood erect, and with an expression of deep devotion in their countenances, muttered their invocations. A few ritual attitudes and genuflections being gone through, the ceremony was at an end, and these simple petitioners of Heaven retired without revelry to their uncurtained rest. But before these living pictures, which seemed to us to have as much of imagination as reality in them, had lost their charm of novelty, we were on the march to Ben-boo-Ali.

Nothing could have afforded a finer opportunity for the use of the pencil than the breaking up of our camp—the tents taking down, camels loading,

groups of soldiers drinking their morning dram, regiments forming into line, officers mounting, the great diversity of costume, the hurry, confusion and crowded animation of the whole scene. Our sultry marches would not have formed so happy a subject. I believe that there is no suffering sustainable by soldiers worse than that which we now endured in the meridian hour of a tropical sun, reflected from burning sands, through which we waded rather than walked. The maddening thirst we suffered was irritated rather than quenched by the scanty provision of water we carried with us. We occasionally halted to refresh ourselves with the above-mentioned beverage, well diluted with a more invigorating liquid. Sometimes even a more delusive refreshment cheated our senses. Once I recollect, during a day of unusual fatigue, a sudden burst of joy broke almost simultaneously from our whole force, on perceiving the village where we were to encamp before us. Its date-groves, towers, huts, and transparent springs; even the camels laden with water coming out to meet us, were all vividly portrayed; alas, it was only by our imaginations on the illuminated sands! It was some time before we discovered this to be a *mirage*, and we often found that we could raise any images we desired. Some, whose fancies were Oriental, conjured up mosques and tanks; others, streams, villas, and flocks; and many were animated by an inspiring vision of a stag-chase sweeping by them. These illusions would have entertained us highly, had we not been too cruelly disappointed to enjoy them. On the same day we passed the ghauts (mountains) with infinite labour and difficulty. They are precipitous rugged rocks of great height; and being eminently exposed to the blaze of the sun, the heat was so intense that many fainted under it, and some, I believe, died. On reaching the summit, we had a most extensive view, and got sight of the distant Desert, which appeared like the sea in restless undulation. When

we descended into the plain, a few trees offered us a welcome and unexpected shelter, under which we scattered and reposed ourselves for half an hour.

It was usual with us to reach our halting-ground about four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course we had guides to direct us to the best passes, and pioneers to clear the obstructions of the way; yet, in spite of their assistance and labours, we were often thrown into the most fearful disarray, in scrambling over the rocks, which now and then agreeably relieved us from ploughing the weary waste of sands. The quarter-master and his myrmidons always preceded us, so that by the time we reached our resting-places, the tents were ready for our reception; but, as duty came rapidly round, we had, every other day, but a few hour's suspension from fatigue. A little before sunset the men for picket were summoned to march off. This was a post of considerable anxiety. Since the night attack at Zoar, others were justly apprehended, and it is surprising they were not made. The Whabees might have cut up our pickets every night, and have retired before they could have been exposed to any retaliation; or they might have stationed themselves in the difficult passes, and have effected prodigious slaughter among our men with very little loss to themselves; but they preferred, perhaps emboldened by their former success, to stand the brunt of a regular conflict. Nevertheless, the expectation of nocturnal incursions kept the outposts in a state of anxious vigilance, and occasioned many false alarms, which always originated in the timidity of the Sepoys, who fancied they saw an enemy in the shadow of every rock. In spite, however, of his painful responsibility, the officer on picket might pass the hours of his vigil in not unpleasant thoughts. With his watch-cloak about him and his segar in his mouth, pacing a neighbouring eminence, he could not fail to be struck with the peculiar character of the circumjacent landscape, so much



unlike the features of the earth, profuse in life and multiform in loveliness, in other parts of the world. The gigantic monotony of mountain and plain, canopied by "the dread magnificence of heaven," and the vast nakedness of nature, dotted only by the tents of the slumbering camp, where "eye nor listening ear an object found," awakened undefinable sensations.

An *hiatus* in my memory occurs here. In our last march, I think, we passed through a village in a state of demolition and desertion from a late visit of our enemies. Before we got within sight of their town, we halted to advance in more scientific order; and scouts and flanking parties were sent out to prevent the possibility of surprise. We crossed over the ground of Captain Thompson's defeat. Here were scattered over a considerable space, the skeletons of his five hundred men, many of them stretched out in frightful completeness, bleached into conspicuous whiteness by the sun. This sight animated our martial machinery with a spirit of retaliation; and many, loud, and coarse were the execrations with which each successive company felt the bones of their comrades under their feet. A little farther on, the town appeared in view. It struck us, after the sterility we had traversed, as a magnificent contrast. Noble groves of date-trees rose on each side of it; and in the open front an imposing line of towers, some of them of ample circumference, gave it a formidable aspect. We were saluted by shot and shell from our own ammunition and our own artillery, taken from Thompson, as we advanced. One of these took such good effect, that a man and some cattle were killed. Our light field-pieces were then ordered out on the exposed flank, and, by returning the fire, they protected us from farther loss. But this did not daunt the enemy; for immediately after they showed us defiance in the gleaming of hundreds of swords and spears, evidently designed to attract our gaze, and make known their

resolution; and then again their cannon opened upon us. In a little time we got protection behind some rising sand-banks and a few date-trees. Our commander thought of encamping here, and had, I believe, already sent to hasten the heavy artillery, under the idea that it would be necessary to take the place by regular approaches, when a happy discovery altered his determination. He had,—so at least I presume,—sent out some officers of his staff to reconnoitre an adjoining date-grove. They penetrated to its utmost verge without hindrance, and there discovered a large tower. One of them ascended this tower, with his glass, in the hope of getting a view of the enemy's movements in an opposite grove; for there was an ample plain between the two,—when lo! multitudes were seen equipped for action, and ready for the attack. It caused a thrilling sensation of horror, admiration, and pity, to behold their dark figures, made apparent by the glitter of their arms, for the last time under the congenial gloom of their own shades,—a whole tribe coiled up for one spring of desperation,—still steadfast, and purposed upon death, and doomed to die within a few minutes; the consummation we now hastened to effect.

Our unfortunate enemies might, however, have still made a successful onset upon us. In straggling through the first-mentioned date-grove our men were obliged to pick their way singly, and, being encumbered by their heavy muskets and ammunition, it would have been impossible for them to have made any resistance had they been assaulted. On the contrary, they would have stumbled in all directions over the stumps of trees, and many, no doubt, must have fallen. Even when they issued out, man by man, confusedly into the plain, the effect of an attack would have been nearly as fatal. They were, however, allowed to fall into line, and advance. The 65th regiment and 7th native infantry occupied the plain. The remainder of



the force was immediately in the rear. A party of our rifle company then entered the enemy's covert, and, after a little popping, brought them out upon us. It was a strange sight—terrific, with something of the ludicrous intermingled. Not less than a thousand of their wild, black figures emerged in a confused swarm, shouting their war-songs, and capering about in the most grotesque attitudes. They seemed for a moment uncertain about the best point of attack, and in the mean time threw stones into our ranks. To bring them to a speedy decision, we fired a volley upon them, and had commenced a charge, when the great body wheeled suddenly about, and rushed precipitately at the Sepoy regiment on our left. As they came on, they sent their spears unerringly before them, and closed instantaneously with their swords, dealing around mortal gashes with frightful rapidity. The native regiment was in a moment cut up and routed; and it might have fared the same with the 65th, if its commanding officer, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Warren, had not taken the precaution, at the critical moment, to wheel back the two flank companies, forming three sides of an oblong square. By this disposition we had a fire upon the enemy in every direction but the rear (where our reserve were stationed), and kept them from closing in upon us. Many, however, succeeded in getting round rearward; but there they were dismayed at our numbers, of which they had probably before no idea. The speed of their flight was then as great as the fierceness of their onset had been; but the incessant independent firing which was kept up, strewed them over the ground by hundreds as they fled.

Those who had effected their escape took refuge in the principal tower, which was the palace of the chief Sheikh, and was fortified with a good deal of skill. Thither we now proceeded. We discerned from this spot numbers of Whabees, mounted on camels and horses, flying across

the country. A volley brought some of them down, but most of them got away. Strange to say, the obstinacy of these people was such, that, even after their defeat they would not open the portals of what I may call their citadel to us. We were obliged to bring our artillery to play upon them. I recollect an old woman sitting under the portal we were firing upon, who, upon every fresh discharge dodged out of the way, and then resumed her seat. I inquired afterwards the reason of this extraordinary foolhardiness, and was told that her children were all inside, and that two of her sons lay desperately wounded there. The poor mother was watching anxiously for the portal to be blown down, that she might rush in and join them. At last a flag of surrender was seen flying from the top of the tower, which was soon displaced by our colours. On entering their hold, a scene of horrible misery presented itself. About an hundred and fifty men, women, and children, were crowded together in a very narrow space. Most were badly wounded, many were dying; and the suppressed groans, the loud crying of the children, the women staunching the blood of their husbands and sons with their garments, and the "Allah il Allah," which rose in murmurs of resignation on every side, were truly afflicting. No attention which could be spared from our own hospital, was wanting to aid these wretched beings.

By this time night had come on, and, as it was then impossible to encamp, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and slept soundly *en masse*, under the pigmy walls of the hive of the exterminated horde. This was considerably more extensive than Zoar, but in other respects appeared much the same. All that struck me as remarkable in it were the vast reservoirs of dates, dried fish, and coffee, which must have been the common property of the whole community. This fact was a strong proof of the strict bond of fraternity which united them. We found nothing valuable;

our sole prizes were swords, matchlocks, cloaks, spears, shields, &c.

On the next day we were curious to visit the field of the slain. We counted about five hundred corpses. Most of them had been middle-aged men, handsomely and vigorously built. There were some venerably-bearded patriarchs among them, many slender, smooth-cheeked lads, and not a few females, who had shared the battle with their husbands. We discovered several still alive, but in a hopeless state. These as we approached them, closed their eyes to avoid our sight; or, if any cast a look upon us, it was one of unsubdued vengeance. From us they would not accept of water to quench their dying thirst, but from an Arab they

did not hesitate; feebly ejaculating "Allah!" as they received it. This spectacle, perhaps, to one accustomed to carbage-covered plains, would have caused little emotion, but in a novice it excited intensely painful sensations. Before we left the ground where we had pitched our camp, and where we remained for ten days, the bodies became bloated, by the heat of the sun, to gigantic dimensions. This hideous and disgusting sight received an additional horror towards sunset, when the vultures came down to feast upon their prey. More than once, when on picket near them, have I been sickened by their wings flapping over the carcases, and hearing their busy beaks at work.

#### STANZAS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I *orr* have gazed on thee sweet Anne,  
Till tears have dimmed mine eyes;  
How short must be the mortal span,  
Between thee and the skies,  
When heaven has round thy features thrown  
The light that marks thee for its own!

Though rich in outward loveliness,  
Fond mem'ry loves to trace  
The meek confiding tenderness,  
The soft and pensive grace,  
Which to that young fair brow has given  
The look devotion wins from heaven.

Calm and unruffled as the stream,  
O'er which the queen of night  
Loves to reflect her placid beam,  
And bathe in floods of light,  
Is the collected thoughtful mien  
In which thy purity is seen.

Thine is that singleness of heart,  
That knows no selfish stain—  
The tears from feeling's fount that start  
To soothe another's pain!  
Who thy kind sympathy could prove,  
And know thee, dearest, and not love?

Oh, may no early sufferings dim  
Thy spirit's stainless glow;  
Mayst thou return as pure to Him—  
As pure from sin as now—  
Who gave thee for awhile to earth,  
To prove thy virtues and thy worth.

While memory on my soul shall trace  
The records of the past,  
Thy image time shall ne'er efface,  
My love unshaken last—  
In fond affection cherish'd there,  
Too pure a guest for earth to share!

#### NATURE WILL PREVAIL.

**D**URING the reign of Casimir, King of Poland, a Prince as much feared by his enemies as he was beloved by his subjects, Enrique, an illustrious Spanish nobleman, left his country, for some unknown reason, and came to the Polish court. There he soon won the royal favour by his devotedness to the person, and his exploits in the military service of

the King, who was often in hostility with the neighbouring princes.

The King being one day out hunting with his courtiers, after bringing two wild boars to the ground, resolved to rest a short time on the borders of a sparkling fountain, and partake of a choice collation. During the repast many subjects were discussed, and among others the com-

parative degree of war-like courage among the various European nations. The Poles claimed the palm of bravery for their own nation: the Spaniards they unanimously acknowledged as inferior to none but themselves; but their opinions were not so united respecting the merits of the French and Hungarians. Enrique listened in silent attention to this dispute. The King did not fail to notice it, supposing his silence proceeded from a modest disinclination to praise his own country. "What is the reason," said His Majesty, "that our friend Enrique is the only person silent on a subject on which he is so well qualified to decide?" The prudent nobleman respectfully replied, that, if His Majesty would allow him to express his thoughts, he would say that such disputes never did good, as the opinion of each party would, after all, remain the same. Besides, as a stranger, it would be presumption in him to differ in sentiment from so many abler judges. The King was not, however, satisfied with this excuse. At length, compelled, as it were, to speak, Enrique pronounced for the superior bravery of his own countrymen; alleging, in proof, the numerous and signal victories obtained by them in all ages. "Your Majesty," said he, "would be convinced of their superiority, if an experiment which I could suggest were to be made."—"What is that?" inquired the King; "for howsoever difficult it may be, it shall be attempted."—"Let an infant of Spanish extraction," replied Enrique, "be procured, and confined until he shall arrive at manhood. When released from his confinement, let different objects that may charm the senses be placed before him, and I will venture to predict that a suit of armour will fix his choice."

The King rose up, and signified his approval of the proposed experiment. He observed, however, that Enrique would repent the expression of an opinion so unfavourable to Sarmatian prowess.

His Majesty's words, to the great

concern of Enrique, were soon fulfilled. Knowing the latter had a son but two years old, he commanded him to be taken from its parents and enclosed in a solitary fort which had long served as a military outpost of the city.

The loss of a beloved child proved fatal to the lady of Enrique; and this double calamity so afflicted him, that, in three years, he followed her to the grave. To make all the atonement he could, for the wrongs he had inflicted, the King rendered great honours to the memory of the deceased. He also directed, that when the time for the freedom of the youth should arrive, he should be well compensated for the privation he had endured, and elevated to the dignities of his father.

The child was entrusted during six years to the care of two nurses. He was then placed under an able tutor, by whom he was instructed in philosophy, the languages, and every other branch of learning. His talents were of the first order, and his mind gradually exhibited a strength far above his years. He continued in his prison until his twentieth year, daily longing with increased ardour for liberty, that greatest of all earthly blessings.

The imprisonment of Carlos—so the youth was called—was known only to few; for the King had commanded his heart-broken parents, under the pain of death, to keep the fatal secret.

The King had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, named Sol. Her portrait having been accidentally seen by Rosardo, Prince of Denmark, he became enamoured. Unfortunately, his father was preparing, in conjunction with the King of Sweden to make war on the Polish monarch, and he could not therefore satisfy his desire of visiting her without delay. He had a friend, the son of his father's ally, with whom he frequently spent months in hunting on the confines of the two kingdoms. During one of those excursions, he shewed that Prince (Oscar) the very portrait which had produced so new

a sensation within him, and the latter became, in consequence, as much engrossed with the lovely original as himself. The Swedish Prince determined to travel incognito to Cracow for the purpose of beholding her.

The anxiety of Casimir, lest his prisoner should escape, induced him to become gaoler himself, and he never parted with the keys of the fort excepting to the tutor, Dorestea. One day the young Princess happened to enter the chamber, as her father was giving them into Dorestea's hands. She had frequently noticed the private conferences that were held in the royal closet with this person, and felt that some mystery must be connected with so much secrecy. She now secretly overheard Dorestea entreat the King to set some one at liberty, whom she had no difficulty in recognising as a prisoner of importance. Dorestea expressed his fear that the youth's health would suffer from his intense desire of freedom, and begged of His Majesty not to waste a season so precious as the morning of life in useless confinement. The King then assured Dorestea that the prisoner's release was not far distant. A long conversation followed, which, as it was but partially understood by the attentive Princess, wrapped the subject in tenfold mystery, and increased her curiosity to discover the secret. Fortune so far favoured her, that, on that very night, she contrived to take, in wax, the impressions of the keys in her father's possession; and, with the assistance of a confidant, she procured others exactly similar. The next morning the Princess cautiously followed the steps of the tutor until she saw him enter the fort in which the prisoner resided. The persevering Sol did not long wait for an opportunity of visiting it without fear of detection. She saw Dorestea and the King leave the city on a hunting excursion. Scarcely had the last notes of the bugle died on her ear, when, with a palpitating heart, and a courage which unconquerable curiosity could alone have inspired, she took the keys, and,

wrapping a large cloak around her, accompanied by her confidant, she bent her way to the fort. On their arrival they successfully applied the keys to the gates and doors that led to the interior of the building. Sol then stationed her companion as sentinel, and softly advancing, with a courage hitherto unknown to her, she entered a narrow passage which terminated in a square chamber. Within she perceived a handsome youth, poring over a book. By his side were two globes, and a table near him was covered with maps and writing materials.

The astonishment of Carlos was unbounded at perceiving an object of such ravishing beauty. Conscious of her indiscretion, and confused at the intensity of his gaze, the trembling Princess leaned against the wall without power to retreat or advance. Carlos was the first to break silence. He ventured to inquire of the stranger, in a tone in which natural politeness and surprise were equally conspicuous, whom she was, and what had brought her to the fort. When sufficiently recovered to speak, she acquainted him with her name, but not with the occasion of her visit. "Sol," rejoined he, "is indeed a name that becomes you; for as the sun confers life and heat, so does your presence bestow animation and joy on me. Heaven has certainly designed you the instrument of my deliverance. Are you come to set the captive free?"—Saying this, he suddenly arose. The Princess, in great agitation lest the prisoner should, through her imprudence, effect his freedom—a circumstance she had not for a moment anticipated—informed him of the motive of her visit, and assured him that his life, if not her own, would be the consequence of his escape. But her expostulations, her entreaties, her tears, were equally ineffectual. Though her beauty had already made a deep impression on his heart, the longing desire of liberty, which had for years preyed on his soul, was paramount to every consideration. He hastened through the passages,

followed by the distressed Sol, and, turning down a narrow fortified path, he soon found himself in the street contiguous to the fort.

Whilst gazing with rapture, not unmixed with wonder, on the novel scene around him, entirely forgetful that his safety depended on immediate flight, the sound of a drum full on the ear of our recluse. He hastened towards it, anxious to learn what it meant.

When he reached the spot whence the sound proceeded, he found a party of soldiers recruiting for the service, and offering unusual bounties to all who would engage in the war which had been declared against Denmark.

Another noise soon attracted his attention, proceeding from a combat of three cavaliers against one who was successfully defending himself. Snatching a sword from one of the by-standers, Carlos desperately wounded two of them. The three antagonists retired with threatening looks, which, from his inexperience, he knew not how to interpret. On inquiring from the valiant cavalier the cause of the quarrel, he was informed that it had been solely occasioned by a dispute at play.

While conversing with the unknown gentleman, a party of police appeared, and arrested our hero for assaulting the two cavaliers: they ordered him to follow them to prison. Unwilling to subject himself a second time to the horrors of confinement, he attempted to force his way through his guards; but he was soon disarmed, bound, and, after a short examination before the civil authorities, condemned to a long and solitary imprisonment. So rigorous a sentence was owing, in no small degree, to the fury with which he had attacked the ministers of justice in the public execution of their duty.

Doubting the reality of his senses, the youth attempted to move the pity of the judge; and several of the persons present joined in recommending him as a fit object of mercy. They grounded their application on the ma-

nifest aberration of mind exhibited by the prisoner, who, they suspected, both from his dress and manner, was a lunatic broken loose from his keepers. The judge, in attempting to ascertain the truth by a series of questions, the purport of which was unintelligible to the inexperienced Carlos, felt satisfied, from his answers, that the alleged insanity was at least specious. Yet as the case was doubtful, and as the prisoner had evinced unquestionable proofs of courage, he contented himself with sentencing him to serve as a soldier in the approaching war. Our hero was accordingly placed as a private in one of the companies which were on the point of departing for the frontiers.

It happened that the Prince Royal of Sweden arrived in Cracow, the very day Carlos escaped from prison. He attended a masked ball, that night given at court, for the purpose of beholding a Princess whose charms had caused him to undertake so hazardous a journey. His disguise, however, was insufficient to conceal him from the recognition of a Polish nobleman, to whom he was well known. This attendant directed his notice to the suspicious looks of the observer, and prevailed on him to leave the assembly. He accordingly retreated from the dangerous precincts, and on his return to his hotel, perceiving that he was followed by some officers of justice, he turned up an alley that led to the very fort which had been so long the prison of Carlos. The gates were open; and, thankful for refuge, he rushed forward and locked himself within. Advancing to the interior, he was not a little surprised to find it elegantly furnished, and in a state which convinced him it had been but recently inhabited. He remained, buried in reflection, more than twelve hours, when, to his consternation, he heard the sound of distant footsteps. His alarm, however, was not equal to that of Dorestea, when the latter, on entering the apartment, perceived that Carlos was not there, and that a

stranger occupied the prison. Oscar instantly informed him how he had gained admittance; but in vain the anxious Dorestea sought to unravel the mystery connected with his pupil's disappearance. Each party was aware of the danger of his situation, and mutual fear induced them to adopt the only expedient that presented itself—viz. that the Prince should continue in prison, under the name of Carlos. He thus secured himself against the risk of discovery, and at the same time arrested the impending punishment of Dorestea for the escape of the fugitive. Dorestea soon after took his departure to renew his entreaties with the King, to liberate their young prisoner; an event which he now desired with increased anxiety. His Majesty at length consented to see him. Oscar was, in consequence, ushered into the royal presence. His appearance pleased the unsuspecting King, who enjoined him to obey Dorestea as a father, until he should be required to join the army about to proceed against the enemies of Poland.

The agitation of the Swedish Prince, on hearing this unexpected destination, was immediately perceived by the watchful monarch, who, somewhat sternly, demanded the cause. Oscar could have assigned two reasons for it—his horror of fighting against his father and country, and his natural cowardice; but he summoned composure to reply, that the little he knew of war sufficiently convinced him of its injustice and cruelty. The King, not a little disappointed at hearing this language from one who, he had hoped, would prove the chief defender of the country, dismissed the youth. Oscar was admitted to another interview, but could not regain the royal favour. He was, to his great mortification, despatched to join the military force on the frontiers.

In the mean time, Carlos was hastening with his comrades towards the head quarters. After a week's march, the company to which he belonged arrived in sight of the ene-

my. Carlos had already distinguished himself by the rapidity with which he learned the necessary duties of a soldier, and by the uniform discretion of his conduct. The Captain, with whom he was decidedly a favourite, sent him with a few trusty comrades to reconnoitre the enemy's position. As he cautiously advanced towards the opposite lines, he encountered and mortally wounded a soldier who had just left them for a purpose similar to his own. Another succeeded, whom he took prisoner, and brought back to his leader's tent. Important information was thus gained. For his courage and prudence, Carlos was promoted to the rank of Cornet of horse. Soon afterwards, he was employed in a service of equal danger and importance; and so well did he acquit himself that he was made Captain.

In a general engagement which immediately succeeded, he performed prodigies of valour. He courted danger, and infused a portion of his own brave spirit into all who witnessed his prowess. While closely pressing the enemy, in the hottest of the fight, he perceived that the person of his sovereign was exposed to imminent hazard from the number and fury of his assailants. Like lightning he flew, at the head of his gallant troop, to the succour of the King, just as the latter was dismounted. He dispersed those who were already exulting in their possession of so distinguished a prisoner; assisted His Majesty to remount, and then returned to his post. Success still attended him. He penetrated to the standard of the Swedish King, and took that monarch prisoner. This important capture, and the death of the King of Denmark, put an end to the battle, and left a glorious victory to the Poles.

Immediately after the action, Carlos received the royal commands to repair to the tent of his sovereign. With an overjoyed and palpitating heart he obeyed. For his exploits that day the gracious monarch, in the presence of his nobles, expressed



the highest approbation, created him a Field-Marshal, and assigned him four thousand crowns per annum to support the dignity of his station.

He had scarcely left the tent, when Oscar entered it to see and embrace his captive father, who was seated with the King. The astonishment of Casimir may be more easily conceived than expressed, when apprized of the close relationship which subsisted between them. The mystery was beyond his power to comprehend. He instantly sent for Dorsetta, who was compelled to make a disclosure of the escape of Carlos, and the substitution of Oscar. He begged for mercy, on the ground of the consequences which would have ensued both to himself and to the Prince, by revealing the fact at the

time; and he also expressed his suspicion that the unknown young warrior, who had that day won unfading laurels, was the identical Carlos. The King instantly sent for the hero. His appearance, to the great joy of all present, turned suspicion into certainty. The King embraced him with rapture, restored him to the dignities and emoluments enjoyed by his deceased father; and, what gave him the most satisfaction of all, promised him the hand of the Princess Sol. The parties soon returned to Cracow; an honourable peace was made between the two sovereigns; and the marriage of the brave and happy Carlos with the lovely Princess was solemnized with becoming magnificence.

#### NARRATIVE OF JOHN WILLIAMS,

ONE OF THE PERSONS WHO WERE BURIED ALIVE IN THE RUINS OF THE BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

[Taken down from his Conversations in the Hospital.]

**I**N the beginning of last autumn I was sent to London on some matters of business by my father Mr. Williams, the building-surveyor of Chester, who is also known to the literary world by his "Remarks" on some of the architectural antiquities of that city. I carried letters of introduction to Mr. Nash, to Mr. Rickman of the House of Commons, and to another Member of Parliament, whose name I do not now wish to mention. The last gentleman invited me to his house, overwhelmed me with professions of esteem, and quite turned my head with his offers of services. When the business which had called me to town was finished, I wrote to my father of the new prospects that had been opened to me, and, in contempt of his advice and injunctions, determined on remaining in London, to follow out a career, so much better adapted to my talents than that of a provincial builder. An open quarrel with my family was the consequence; but I

took no trouble to appease their anger, being convinced that a very short time would prove the wisdom of my conduct, and enable me to demand rather than solicit forgiveness.

Two months passed away in expectation; my money was spent, and the people at my lodgings began to abate in their civility, when I thought it necessary to bring my patron to the point. I called at his house for that purpose, and found him just stepping into a post-chaise. He seemed as glad to see me as ever, but, of course, had little time for conversation. When he had fairly seated himself in the vehicle, and, in my despair, I had ventured to ask how long he meant to be absent from town, shaking me cordially by the hand, he informed me that if there was a call of the House, he might be obliged to return in the course of the Session, but that, at all events, he would have the pleasure of seeing me this time next year. I do not remember the carriage driving off—but

the passers-by stopping to look at me, as I stood like a statue on the flags, recalled me to myself, and I went home to my lodgings.

I was too timid, or too obstinate, to write to my father. I preferred lowering my expectations, and applying for a clerkship in a builder's office, and was promised the influence of several persons of respectability in order to obtain it. In the meantime, by the advice of an acquaintance, I was induced to apply to the pawnbroker for a temporary pecuniary relief; but this did not enable me to discharge the rent of my lodgings. The civility of my landlady was changed to coldness, and her coldness, by a natural transition to heat. The persecution I underwent at home made me take refuge in public-houses, where I fell in with companions as desperate as myself, but apparently more happy. I at length left my lodgings secretly, with the remains of my wardrobe under my arm, I engaged a bed by the night at what is called a theatrical house, but one of the lowest of the sort, where I first acquired a taste—or rather a passion—for stage-amusements, and became acquainted, by the introduction of her brother, with a young actress, whose name, whether she is dead or alive, will not be benefited by an association with mine. My appearance at this time, with regard to dress, was respectable, and my manners probably intimated an acquaintance with better society than that enjoyed by my companions. The reception I met with from the lady was favourable; and, young, beautiful, amiable, and, I am convinced, innocent, she made an impression on my heart which is the only part of my London history I am not ashamed of acknowledging.

I debated with myself whether, on finding a situation, I should not remove her from a mode of life at least dangerous, if not disgraceful, by making her my wife, or, by attaching myself to her profession, serve as a protector from its danger, and derive

from it the means of our mutual subsistence. My debate, however, was speedily cut short: no situation turned up; I was pursued by means of summonses for several small debts; my landlord refused me even a night's lodging without the money in advance, and I was compelled to make my retreat to another quarter of the town. It would be disgusting to pursue, step by step, the path of my decline, which was now fearfully precipitous. From the parlour I sunk to the tap-room—from the society of masters to that of journeymen—from the shabby surtout to the tattered jacket. My place of refuge was in Barlow-court, a narrow lane in the neighbourhood of Wells-street, and having some slight knowledge of the upholstery and cabinet-making business, I received employment accidentally in fitting up the Brunswick Theatre.

My earnings were very small, but I contrived to cheat my hunger out of sufficient to enable me to drown, almost every night, in intoxication the sense of my degradation and my despair.

The theatre was at length opened, although the internal work was not all finished. I was in attendance at the fatal rehearsal of the 28th of February, in the course of my duty. As I was passing across the stage, I was arrested by the voice of a new actress—a voice that had lingered in my ear in spite of everything. The earnestness of my gaze was observed by one of my fellow-workmen, who informed me that the lady whom I seemed to admire so much was Mrs. —. Mrs. —! She was married! I forgot at the moment my situation, my dress, the proprieties of time and place, and I rushed forward to demand from her own lips a confirmation or a denial of the truth of what I had heard. That motion saved my life.—There was heard at the instant a sound which I cannot describe by crash, or roar, or any other imitative word in the language; it was not loud—nor shrill—nor hollow: perhaps its associations in my

memory with what followed may have fixed its peculiar character in my mind—but I can only describe it to the imagination by likening it to one's conception of the harsh, grating sullen, yet abrupt noise of the grave-stone when it shall be suddenly raised from its sandy, clammy bed, at the sounding of the last trumpet. One of the actors rushed across the stage, and darted out by the side-door. Of the rest, those who were speaking stopped in the middle of a word; the hand raised in mimic passion was not dropped; the moving crowd of human beings stood still, as if by one impulse;—there was a pause of two or three seconds. Some, whose mind was more present, raised their eyes to the roof; but the rest were motionless, even in the vagrant organs of vision, and stood mute and still like a gallery of statues. I cannot even attempt to describe the sound which awoke the scene from this appearance of death, only to give it the reality. I would liken it to thunder, if you could mingle the idea of the explosion with that of its effects—or to the rush of a mighty torrent, if you could fancy amalgamated, as it were, in its roar, the typical voices of pain, and horror, and confusion, and struggling, and death. I staggered back, and nearly fell into an abyss that was cloven into the floor by a fragment of the iron roof on the very spot where I had stood but a moment before. While rushing up the side of the newly-formed precipice to regain my footing, by the single terrified glance I had time and light to cast behind, I saw that the iron and wood were wet with blood and brains and the other horrible mysteries of man's inner body, and that the "living soul" I had just talked to was not to be recognized by the sight as having ever borne the external characteristics of a human being.

The light was suddenly shut out—and yet so slowly as to inflict upon my sight that which will ever stand between it and the sun. Fragment after fragment rushed furiously from

the roof, but yet so thickly intermingled that I cannot at this moment say whether or not the mass of roof was disunited at all in its descent. Then the bursting of the walls—the grating of the stones and bricks as they were ground into powder—the rending of the planks and wooden partitions—the hissing sound of the lamps and brass-work—the damp crush of human bodies—and the yells of mortal agony from a hundred hearts, which seemed wilder and stronger even than the inanimate sounds that had called them into being—to choke, conquer, and silence them forever.

All was dark. A weight was upon my shoulder which an Atlas could not have moved; my left leg was fixed between two planks, and, as I discovered by feeling with my hand before the pain announced it, it was broken and distorted; the side outline of the narrow chamber in which I sat would have nearly described a right-angled triangle, the hypotenuse leaning on my back; above, I could extend my hand to its full length without obstacle, but the aperture could not have admitted anything thicker than the arm; before me was a wall apparently of solid iron, and below, and at the sides, the surface, consisting of iron, brick, stones, and wood, was broken into narrow interstices.

When the united sounds I have described had subsided into a distant hum, a single voice rose upon my ear: it was the voice of the lady mentioned above; it was one wild, shrill, unbroken scream. I do not know how long it lasted; I do not even know whether it was a human voice at all; it did not stop for breath; its way was not impeded, like that of the rest, by the intervention of the ruins; minute after minute it continued, and every minute it became wilder and shriller, piercing, like an arrow, through my head and heart, till my tortured senses found temporary relief in insensibility.

My fainting-fit probably lasted a

considerable time; for, when I recovered, it was long before I could understand my situation, or recall anything that had happened to my memory. At length, piece by piece, the truth came before me, and I could feel the cold sweat trickling down my brow. The voice I had heard existed probably only in imagination, for it was now silent. A low deep sound was humming in my ears, which I could at length distinguish to be the simultaneous groans of human beings, separated from me either by distance or some thick and deadening barrier. My ear endeavoured in vain to divide it into its component parts, and to recognize the voices of those I knew; and there was something more horrible in this vague mysterious monotony than if it had been distinctly fraught with the dying accents of the one I loved best on earth. I felt as if my lot must be bitterer than that of the rest. I was alone—I was cut off even from communion of suffering: while they, I imagined, were together, and in the sound of one another's voices, and the touch, even, of one another's clothes, received some relief from the idea of total abandonment, of agony unimagined and unshared.

My senses, I believe, began to totter; for I complained aloud of my lonely fate: I knew that I was behaving absurdly, but I could not help it; I beat the iron walls of my dungeon with my clenched hands till they were wet with blood, and shrieked aloud with a voice rendered terrific by the fury of despair. The voices of the rest appeared to be startled into silence at the sound—or perhaps it fell upon their ears like a cry of comfort and hope, an answer to their groans from the surface of the earth. After a pause I heard another dull, heavy sound, like that produced by a muffled drum; it was, in reality, a drum, and probably beat by one of the band, as a more powerful means of awakening attention than his own voice. The sound, in such circumstances,

was inexpressibly awful; and when the hand that smote the instrument in so unaccustomed a scene wandered by habit into a regular tune, my sensations were exaggerated into a species of horror which I can liken only to that which might be supposed to visit a religious mind on witnessing some shocking and blasphemous impiety.

It may seem a species of insanity to mention it; but when the roll of the drum, and the sound of human voices had ceased, and after I had been left for a considerable time, as it were, to myself, even in these circumstances of terror, and loneliness, and mystery, I possessed a species of knowledge, which the denizens of the surface would have deemed equally useless and unattainable to those underground:—I knew the hour of the night. Like the idiot who mimicked, at the proper intervals, the audible measurement of time, after the clock was removed, which had taught him the practice, my inclination for drinking, which had been converted by habit into an almost unconquerable passion, returned at the accustomed time of its gratification. In spite of surrounding circumstances, I fancied myself in the midst of my dissolute companions, in the scene of our coarse and vulgar revels; I drank, but without being filled; I became drunken with imagination; and the close and poisonous atmosphere, which before had been burthened with my groans, now rung with songs, and laughter, and imprecations. This state of unnatural excitement passed away, but the reaction which took place exhibited all the symptoms that attend the awakening of the young and inexperienced drunkard. With headache, sickness, faintness, fear, foreboding, repentance,—I awoke, in “an horror of great darkness.”

Then the ideas, wholesome in themselves, but which in such circumstances are felt like daggers, crowded round my burthened and wearied heart. My father—my family—my arrogance—my ingratitude

—my dishonesty—my misspent time—my forgotten duties—my blasphemed and unregarded God! I buried my face in my hands, but I could not hide them from my soul. Slowly and sternly they passed before me; but the last idea swallowed up its precursors; and with a start and a shudder, I found myself trembling on the verge of eternity—on the very steps of the judgment seat, entering into the presence of the awful and eternal Judge.

It will be esteemed an example of the bathos when I mention next my hunger and thirst, and say that these passions of the perishing body almost neutralized the effect of the above sentiments of my immortal soul. Hunger, indeed, may be borne, at least to the extent it was my lot to

endure it; but thirst is truly a chastisement "of scorpions."

I have not described my feelings; I have simply catalogued, and in a very incomplete manner, their proximate causes. I sunk by degrees into a sort of stupor, from which I was awakened by the light of heaven streaming full in my face, through an aperture made in the ruins by my deliverers. The apparent apathy, or, as some term it, philosophy, which I displayed, has been attributed to wrong causes. The truth is, that although at first my body was awake, my mind was almost wholly insensible; it recovered its consciousness by very slow degrees, and it was not until I was left alone at night, that I became completely sensible of my deliverance.\*

#### ANECDOTES.

WORDSWORTH, AND SIR WALTER  
SCOTT'S ROB ROY.

WHEN "Rob Roy" first appeared, a party was made at Mr. John Wilson's house at Elleray, to read it. Mr. Wordsworth was invited, among others, to the party; and, as a special inducement to go, he was informed that the illustrious author had chosen the motto for his novel from his name-sake poem, "Rob Roy." The verbose and venerable Laker accordingly went; and when the volumes were laid on the table, he eagerly turned to the title-page, where he read—

"For why? because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them—the simple plan  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

"Ladies and gentlemen," quoth the Author of the 'Excursion' and other universally-read poems, "you see this motto: it is from a poem of mine,—the volume containing which I have brought in my pocket; and lest you should not understand the

novel for want of knowing thoroughly my poem, I mean to read my verses to you." He accordingly began—

"A famous man was Robin Hood," &c.  
and went on to the conclusion, not even omitting a comma, and then putting the vivacious *tome* into his pocket again, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I leave you to your novel," and walked home!

#### LET WELL ALONE.

An Irishman being on a long journey in a part of the country where Mr. M'Adam's useful talents had never been exercised, at length came to a mile of excellent road. Over this he kept trotting his horse backwards and forwards, till some spectators, a little surprised at this singular mode of travelling, inquired the reason of it. "Indeed," said he, "and I like to let well alone, and from what I have seen of the road, I doubt whether I will find a better bit of ground all the way."

\* This imprudent and most unhappy young man, is now pronounced to be out of danger. He has been removed to the house of a friend of his father, an eminent solicitor in Gray's Inn; but even while in the hospital, he was visited by many persons of the highest respectability.